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PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

SECURITIES EXCHANGE

Despite all the coverage of the Drexel Burnham Lambert scandal, the media rarely ask who the victims were of the stock manipulation to which the firm pleaded guilty last December. The short answer is "the investing public," but this conceals more than it reveals. For individual investors, the Drexel-led takeover boom has been a windfall. No, the victims, if such is the proper word, were the managers of firms targeted by the company's takeover machine, as well as Drexel's Wall Street rivals. For wronging these mighty parties, Drexel paid the government $650 million, a sum far larger than Union Carbide paid its victims in Bhopal.

More subtle minds argue that Drexel victimized the economy at large through its leveraging of Corporate America: The wild growth in corporate debt could make the next recession a very interesting affair. Though this isn't yet an indictable offense, it is undeniably true—which makes the ascension of John Shad, former chief of the Securities and Exchange Commission, to the head of Drexel especially ironic. That irony is cubed by the fact that, in theory at least, the S.E.C. is now charged with overseeing Drexel to make sure no more financial legerdemain takes place.

On Shad's watch during the Reagan years, the S.E.C. showed little interest in investigating the economic risks of the takeover mania; on the contrary, Shad professed faith in the unfettered flow of capital, which he was convinced would lead to the "millennium." Shad, a man so in love with the gambling spirit that it is said he would bet on two cockroaches crossing the floor, promises to lead Drexel into the currently fashionable area of "merchant banking." Instead of merely financing other people's takeovers, Drexel will invest its own money in deals. And so the leveraging of America lives on—with a Federal imprimatur.

ABBIE HOFFMAN
Paul Krassner

LIFE AFTER THATCHER?
George Black

DEMONIZING D'AUBUISSON
Jefferson Morley

THE TRIAL OF 'LA MIGRA'
Earl Shorris

RACE AND SPORTS
Nicolaus Mills

RESISTANCE & SURVIVAL IN THE CAMPS
Milton Schwebel

'IT WAS THE HEARTLAND'

MARCH TO A CROSSROADS ON ABORTION

MEREDITH TAX

I marched for abortion rights on April 9 with two high-school freshmen—my daughter Corey and her friend Kate—both so wide-eyed and excited they didn't even complain about being hungry. But of course, as Corey kept saying, she has been going on abortion marches since she was 3. That was the year of the Hyde amendment, which restricted public funding for abortions. She's 14 now; her whole life has been punctuated by this fight.

Though the end's not in sight, I think April 9 will prove to be a crossroads in this long struggle. Even if the Supreme Court does its damnedest, we know who we are now, and how strong. Many of us worried about the yuppies, fearing that, since they've always had abortion rights, they wouldn't know enough to fight for them until it was too late. We're not worried anymore. Half the people at this march must have been under 35. Three hundred thousand, six hundred thousand—after a certain number, who can count? The crowd was so thick I couldn't beat my way through it or find anyone I was looking for—but what a treat to go to a demonstration where I knew hardly a soul!

They came from everywhere: whole delegations from Texas and Maine and California; from Carleton College and Brandeis University and the University of Kentucky. Wisconsin and Vermont ran out of buses and couldn't meet the demand. There were lots of mother-daughter teams, and lots of men.

The spirit was calm determination, for the most

(*Continued on Page 631*)

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LETTERS.

AIDS AND PEOPLE OF COLOR

New York City

For those of us who have made longstanding commitments to communities and social issues that predate the AIDS crisis, and as people of color working at the Gay Men's Health Crisis (G.M.H.C.), Darrell Yates Rist has raised some critical perspectives in his recent article [Feb. 13]. While Rist challenges the gay community to be accountable on issues that affect gay men and lesbians that are broader than AIDS, he misses two substantial points. The agenda of the gay and lesbian community has not been traditionally extended to include gay men and lesbians who are *also* people of color, poor, non-English-speaking or substance abusers. And the organized gay political community has not been clear in supporting the broader agenda defined by people of color, women and the poor.

As the changing face of AIDS has moved from affecting primarily white gay males to affecting those classes of people that no one—gay and straight alike—has ever cared much about, shouldn't Rist challenge the gay community to commit itself to a "choice of life"? This choice would mean working for a quality of life for all those who are disadvantaged, even after we've found a cure for this disease.

We are all confronted daily by the disparity between the resources available in programs such as ours and the more limited political and financial resources of other AIDS programs that are targeted to serve women, children, Latinos, blacks and substance abusers who are affected by HIV. We struggle with the ever-present realization that were it not for "AIDS corporations" such as G.M.H.C., not only would thousands of white gay males not have had a choice for life with AIDS but many women and men of color (gay and straight), their children and their communities would not have had a *chance* for life, much less a choice about the *quality* of those lives. The delicate balancing act people of color working in the AIDS industry must constantly attend to requires maintaining a focused commitment to our ethnic and cultural communities while confronting existing AIDS institutions about their responsibilities to other than white gay males.

We were offended by Albert Cunningham's patronizing implications in his March 20 response to Rist's article that those of us who *choose* (versus being "consigned") to work in institutions such as G.M.H.C. are akin to "window dressing." While we do not disagree with his analysis of racism and its manifestations in many AIDS programs whose roots are in the white gay male community, we believe that our presence in these institutions provides a vigilance that is imperative if they are truly to be committed to saving the lives of those who are suffering with AIDS in our nonwhite communities. And on behalf of all our people who are also poor, substance abusers or adolescents, our presence is a constant reminder to the predominantly white, gay AIDS institutions that we will work with them to protect the civil rights of all people, while at the same time requiring these institutions to be responsible for working on behalf of classes of people who struggled for survival before the onset of AIDS, and will undoubtedly have to continue to do so long after AIDS or institutions such as G.M.H.C. cease to exist.

Rhonda Browne
Gregory L. Broyles
Jonmichael Herrington
Valerie Hoskins, Valli Kanuha
Benjamin Ramos, Susan Richardson

THE NATION'S GAY POLITICS

Cambridge, Mass.

In the past several months you folks at *The Nation* seem finally to have noticed that there's a gay and lesbian liberation movement, and have shown vigorous signs of trying to ally yourselves with it. I want to applaud you for this and encourage you to keep it up. When I started reading *The Nation* as a teen-ager in the 1960s I had not yet figured out that I was a lesbian. As a leftist I was extremely fortunate that my own coming-out process coincided with the rise of a highly politicized gay and lesbian liberation movement; yet when I wanted to read about the political meaning of that movement or about the internal debates within it, I could not rely on *The Nation*. I continued to read your magazine despite your lack of attention to my community because you provided other information I needed and because, unlike some other progressive publications, your homophobia was generally of the quiet kind most easily ignored (though the recent bigotry of Robert Sherrill, a particularly vicious heterosexist, was a glaring exception). Like other gay and lesbian activists, I quickly discovered that if we wanted to read news about our movement, we were going to have to write it and print it ourselves. Though our movement grew out of the struggles of the 1960s, the heterosexism of *The Nation* and other progressive journals forced us into a media ghetto that hasn't always retained a radical political framework or multi-issue perspective. This situation has caused me and other left-leaning gay journalists many heartbreaks and much hair-pulling, particularly as a new generation of activists comes along unaware of our movement's leftist legacy. So on each occasion over the years that *The Nation* printed a token paragraph or two about us, I hoped it was a sign that you were going to help bridge the gap that tragically has developed between the movement against heterosexism and the movement for other forms of social justice. It was indeed a thrill this past year, therefore, when *The Nation* began running full-length articles on gay politics. But just when I was about to start talking you up, you printed an article that is designed to put a huge proportion of my community on the defensive. This is a strange way to make friends.

It could be that you were so ignorant about subdivisions and subtleties within the gay/lesbian movement that you failed to notice how divisive Darrell Yates Rist's article was, both in spirit and in substance. After all, he writes well, and he makes some good points. I have problems of my own both as a lesbian and as a leftist with the gay movement's overemphasis on AIDS, and have felt bullied by some newly politicized white gay men who can see my point of view only as an attack on them. Rist put many of my own concerns into words. Indeed, if his article had appeared in a progressive gay publication—or even in *The Village Voice*, which gives our movement a reasonable amount of coverage—I might have applauded his courage, though I would have taken issue with his tendency to overstate and with his contemptuous tone. Rist's overkill and his insensitivity are far more egregious, however, in the context of *The Nation*, which is only beginning to prove itself as an ally to the gay/lesbian liberation movement, and whose readership has not, by and large, been devastated by the AIDS epidemic (or literally decimated by it, as the gay male communities of New York and San Francisco have been). In such a context, his words can far too easily be used to bash our movement and to discount the seriousness of the AIDS epidemic, as well as to convince many potentially radical AIDS activists that *The Nation* does not have their interests at heart. *The Nation*'s decision to publish the article at this time therefore strikes me as not only unconscionable but politically stupid.

The potpourri of responses to Rist in no way makes up for this major error, but at least it does bring many voices from our movement into your pages, some for the first time and I hope not the last. For this I am grateful. Though Rist asserts in his rejoinder that the notion of a gay and lesbian community is a fiction because of our diversity, it is abundantly clear that people who love people of the same sex are forced by our oppression into a political community of interest, whether we like one another or not. As Leslie Cagan stated with such passion and eloquence, we didn't invent our own oppression. Like other oppressed peoples, we are forced to bond together in self-defense. Characteristically, such bonding produces not only an outburst of political energy but cultural and social innovation, which an oppressed group's allies can benefit and learn from if and when they become willing to pay attention. I urge *The Nation* as my old, trusted friend to listen very carefully.

Pam Mitchell

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CONTENTS.

Volume 248, Number 18

LETTERS
614

EDITORIALS
613 Securities Exchange
615 The Real Sleaze
616 Abbie — *Paul Krassner*
617 Correction — *Norman Birnbaum*

COLUMNS
618 Uncivil Liberties — *Calvin Trillin*
619 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*

ARTICLES
613 "It Was the Heartland": March to a Crossroads on Abortion — *Meredith Tax*
620 The TINA Syndrome: Is There Life After Thatcher? — *George Black*
624 Guilt in El Salvador: Demonizing d'Aubuisson — *Jefferson Morley*
628 The Trial of *La Migra*: Raids, Racism and the I.N.S. — *Earl Shorris*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
634 Ashe: A Hard Road to Glory: A History of the African-American Athlete. Volumes I, II, III
Hoose: Necessities: Racial Barriers In American Sports — *Nicolaus Mills*
636 Gibson: Mona Lisa Overdrive
Sterling: Islands in the Net — *Erik Davis*
638 Blood, Nest, Stars (poem) — *Eamon Grennan*
639 Crome: Unbroken: Resistance and Survival in the Concentration Camps — *Milton Schwebel*
640 Journals — *Kate Walter*
642 Music — *Gene Santoro*

Drawings by Randall Enos

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EDITORIALS.

The Real Sleaze

On the day that the Committee on Standards of Official Conduct slapped House Speaker Jim Wright with the equivalent of a sixty-nine-count indictment, Wright took his cue from Oliver North. "I know in my heart that I have not violated any rules of that institution," he proclaimed. "I love that institution." In other words, see you in court, for now Wright and his beloved House will engage in an elaborate process to determine whether his unorthodox book deal and his profitable friendship with businessman George Mallick violated House rules on ethics.

The committee also released a 279-page report, produced by Chicago attorney Richard Phelan, that details numerous examples of suspected misdeeds, including the allegation that Wright intervened with Federal bank regulators to help ailing Texas savings and loan institutions. The committee disagreed with Phelan that Wright's efforts for his S&L pals

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warranted committee action, thus allowing him to escape the far more significant charge—in policy terms—that he shilled for the S&L industry and therefore shares part of the blame for its current crisis, which could cost the American taxpayers more than $157 billion.

The committee's charges against Wright are serious—graft always is. But the amount of money he may have pocketed in imaginative fashions pales when contrasted to how he socked it to the taxpayers, in quite a legal manner, as a water-carrier for the S&Ls. On Capitol Hill, of course, such wholesale wheeling and dealing is not a problem for the ethics committee, which conveniently excludes major plundering from its definition of sleaze.

In 1986 Federal bank regulators were worried. S&Ls were failing at an accelerating rate. The Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation needed about $16 billion in new funding to cover anticipated collapses, according to the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. "Failure to act now could only increase the risks," warned Paul Volcker, then chair of the Federal Reserve. "We want to forestall a crisis, not to pick up the pieces after the damage has been done." By the start of 1987, F.S.L.I.C. reserves had declined to $1.9 billion, about $23 billion shy of what was needed to shut hundreds of insolvent thrifts. That meant that bankrupt S&Ls were able to stay open—and lose more money—because the F.S.L.I.C. could not afford to close them down. The regulators came up with a plan that would inject $15 billion into the F.S.L.I.C. through a complicated set of transactions. In the plan, the regulators also proposed that they be granted greater powers to take over problem banks.

The thrifts were not pleased with the idea. They would have to finance the recapitalization, and this money would be used to close their failing brethren. There was also a "darker motive," says Bartlett Naylor, former head of investigations for the Senate Banking Committee. If the S&L industry could put off a major recapitalization of the F.S.L.I.C., then it might be able to force a taxpayer bailout in the future.

The S&Ls called in their political protectors. Responding to pressure from his Texas S&L buddies, Wright delayed action on a House bill to shore up the F.S.L.I.C., according to *Congressional Quarterly*. He lobbied Democrats on the House Banking Committee to accept an industry-backed proposal for a more modest $5 billion recapitalization. He pressed for forbearance provisions, which regulators claimed would make it extremely difficult to shut down destitute thrifts. Some of his House colleagues complained that Wright had become the leading lobbyist for the S&L industry.

After Wright began receiving this flak, he shifted course and backed the $15 billion refinancing plan. But his was a halfhearted endorsement. When the issue hit the floor of the House, Wright ran for cover, failing to fight for the fatter recapitalization. The House adopted a bill more amenable to the S&Ls, accepting the $5 billion figure and the forbearance measure. That action meant "that we will be back next year doing twice this much with taxpayers' dollars," a prophetic Representative Buddy Roemer said after the vote. "Wright is guilty of conspiring to kill the better bailout plan," says Naylor. "He was not the only one. But he was a vital part of the gang."

The Wright affair illuminates one dilemma of modern politics: The notion of political ethics has become too legalistic. Wright's labors for the S&Ls, while unseemly, were not considered unethical. He broke no rules or laws. Looking out for private interests at the expense of the average citizen is just standard operating procedure in the institution that Wright so dearly loves.

Abbie

On April 14, the Los Angeles City Council voted unanimously to adjourn in memory of Abbie Hoffman. America's most prominent radical would have appreciated the irony of that gesture. Indeed, the title of his first book, *Revolution for the Hell of It* (1968) positively sparkled with irony. Although his style was wildly theatrical, he was earnestly committed to fighting dehumanization. As a charismatic organizer of the Youth International Party (Yippies), he articulated the consciousness of a counterculture that realized that the ultimate extension of arresting kids for smoking marijuana in this country was dropping napalm on other kids in Southeast Asia.

In 1967, Abbie imagined a sexual equivalent to MACE, the tear gas, which he christened LACE, ostensibly a combination of LSD and the transmission agent DMSO. When applied to the skin LACE would be absorbed into the bloodstream and serve as an instant aphrodisiac. The press was invited to his apartment to observe LACE in action. He wanted me to be there as a reporter who would "accidentally" be sprayed with LACE from a water pistol. I was then to take off my clothes and start making out with a lovely redhead who also had been "inadvertently" sprayed, along with another, deliberately sprayed couple, right there in the living room, while the journalists took notes.

But there was a scheduling conflict. On that same day, I was slated to speak at a literary conference at the University of Iowa. So instead Abbie assigned me to purchase cornmeal, with which he planned to encircle the Pentagon in a pre-levitation rite. The novelist Robert Stone drove me to a farm in Iowa, where I duly requested some cornmeal to go. The farmer asked, "Coarse or fine?" I looked at Stone. He shrugged. "Since it's for a magic ritual," he said, "I would definitely recommend coarse." So I flew back east with a sack containing thirteen pounds of coarse cornmeal. And the guy who substituted for me in that well-covered encounter with the lovely redhead ended up living with her. Romance among the Yippies.

In the novel *Cards of Identity* by Nigel Dennis, a character states, "You are most yourself when you are trying not to be yourself." This was certainly true of Abbie Hoffman on the lam in the 1970s to avoid a fifteen-year-to-life sentence for a coke bust. Under the name Barry Freed he became an activist in environmental causes. He felt "like a

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hunted animal" but, with the aid of plastic surgery, managed to keep a high profile. In fact, one day, in separate stories in the same issue of his local newspaper in upstate New York, there were photos of both Abbie and Barry. While Abbie was a fugitive, Barry was being honored.

During those underground years, I remained in contact with Abbie. I saw him and Johanna Lawrenson, his "running mate," one Christmastime in San Francisco. He stood next to a Salvation Army Santa Claus on Broadway, rang his bell and urged unsuspecting passersby to drop some cash into Santa's cauldron. Then he proceeded to take the place of a barker in front of a strip joint. "Come on in," he yelled. "Whatever you want, we got. You want ladies with stretch marks? We got 'em here!" Abbie was driven to squeeze adventure out of every moment.

I saw him in Washington at Jimmy Carter's inauguration. We were standing just a few yards away as the new President and his wife walked hand in hand down the street. "Hey, Jimmy!" Abbie shouted, knowing his voice was overwhelmed by the cheering of the crowd along the sidewalk. "Hey, Jimmy! Why don'tcha gimme a pardon as your first act in office?" Who could have dreamed that a decade later Abbie would be joining Amy Carter and about 200 other students protesting C.I.A. recruitment at the University of Massachusetts? Later he told her father of that inaugural scene. "I would've pardoned you," the former chief executive responded.

The last time I saw Abbie was in Chicago at a three-day conference last summer, celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the mass protest against the Democratic Convention. It was held in the same amphitheater that Hubert Humphrey was nominated in as skulls were smashed by billy clubs on Michigan Avenue and protesters chanted "The whole world is watching!" As I gave my talk, I couldn't help but notice that Abbie was sitting exactly where Mayor Richard Daley had sat and screamed obscenities at Senator Abraham Ribicoff for trying to call attention to what would later be officially labeled in the Kerner commission report "a police riot."

Abbie followed me to the stage and declared: "I believe that what happened here in the streets of Chicago energized [the nation], went beyond the left, cracked the barrier that the media had placed around how it covered the antiwar movement, how it covered Vietnam, and reached into the hearts and souls of Americans—in particular, Americans who were fighting in Vietnam." He said that of all the people he had met in the past twenty years, he was most touched by "soldiers who were in Vietnam, who were not privileged to attend all the conferences where the 'isms' debated the 'wasms' about whether we should go this way or that way in terms of revolutionary theory as defined by Marx or Mao or Bakunin or Avakian or J. Edgar Hoover." But these soldiers were well aware, he said, that "their contemporaries . . . [were taking] risks to go against the war machine."

It is hard to believe that Abbie committed suicide—especially so late in the day that he missed *The New York Times*'s deadline. But the autopsy report indicated that he had taken more than 150 phenobarbital capsules and drunk alcohol. I remember a conversation with him while he was working on his book opposing compulsory drug testing, *Steal This Urine Test*; he poked fun at Robert McFarlane, who during the Iran/*contra* investigations had feebly attempted suicide by downing "just a few measly tranquilizers."

It was during the trial of Oliver North that Abbie Hoffman died at age 52. By contrast, he shines with incredible brightness as a *real* national hero and, in death, revives the spirit of community that he inspired in life.

PAUL KRASSNER

Paul Krassner, a founder of the Yippies, edits The Realist *and is working on an autobiography to be published by Simon & Schuster.*

Correction

In *The Nation* of June 3, 1925, Louis Fischer wrote about "Class Justice in Germany." One response was a letter to the editor (September 2, 1925) from Adolf Hitler, born 100 years ago April 20. It reads:

> SIR: In your issue of June 3 Mr. Louis Fischer says that "Hitler spent six months in a palace prison and was then released."
>
> I was in prison in Landsberg a.L. thirteen months in all. A special decree on April 1, 1924, deprived me of all previous privileges. All privileges theretofore granted the prisoner were either abridged or wiped out. Count Arco was still benefited by these alleviations.
>
> *Uffing, June 28* ADOLF HITLER

Fischer's article had reported on the extreme political bias of the Wiemar Republic's judiciary. The judges, mostly declared enemies of democracy and the republic, meted out savage punishment to defendants of the left but were extremely mild with those of the right. Fischer was wrong about the length of Hitler's incarceration. Hitler was arrested on November 11, 1923, two days after the Munich Beer Hall Putsch, tried in March of 1924 and sentenced on

AWARD

For the second year in a row, *The Nation* has received an Olive Branch Award for outstanding coverage of the arms race and U.S.-Soviet relations. The award recognized Stephen F. Cohen's article "The Next President's Historic Opportunity" [October 10, 1988], which outlined a ten-point plan on how the United States should, in the words of the Olive Branch citation, "embrace the reforming Soviet Union and thus end its commitment to preserving the cold war." The award is sponsored by the Editors' Organizing Committee, the Writers' and Publishers' Alliance for Nuclear Disarmament and the Center for War, Peace, and the News Media at New York University.

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April 1 to five years of fortress arrest, with explicit provision for early reduction of sentence—and that is what he got. He was freed on December 20, 1924. As for his privileges while inside, they were not so "abridged" that he was kept from writing a good deal of *Mein Kampf*. (Incidentally, the Count Arco whom Hitler mentions was the murderer of Bavarian revolutionary leader Kurt Eisner, which may explain his favored treatment.)

To convey the flavor of Weimar justice, I quote the prosecutors' statement about the fledgling Führer:

> Hitler comes from a modest family. In the war he proved his German loyalty as a courageous soldier. Afterward, he built up from the smallest beginnings a large party, the National Socialist German Workers' Party. In tireless devotion he concentrated on its program: the struggle against international Marxism and Jewry, the settlement of accounts with the November criminals [who signed the Armistice in 1918], and the spread of the national idea in all parts of the people, especially the workers. It does not fall to me to pass judgment on his party politics, but under any conditions it is his great service to have made so honest an effort to awaken in an oppressed people belief in the German cause.

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Norman Birnbaum is University Professor at Georgetown University Law Center and a member of The Nation's *editorial board.*

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CALVIN TRILLIN

Mail from readers? Sure, I get mail from readers. Are my readers and I engaged in debating the great questions of the day? Well, I guess you could say that. In a manner of speaking. Sort of. In our own way. Well, actually, no. To be absolutely honest about it, no. Unless, that is, you think the fruitcake question is one of the great questions of the day. I get a lot of mail from readers about the fruitcake question.

No, I do not mean the fruitcake question as in the old phrase "nuttier than a fruitcake." Since the Reagan Administration left Washington, thus removing from the national spotlight all those economists who predicted deficits by plucking at pigeon entrails while costumed as Eleanor of Aquitaine, I get very little mail on that sort of fruitcake question. Nobody seems to think that the old Washington hands Bush brought back into government are likely to do anything truly wacky. In fact, a couple of letter writers have suggested that, before we get to the point at which the entire citizenry dozes off, somebody should sneak into the White House Mess and pour a little silly powder into the vichyssoise. I suppose you could call that—the possibility of the entire citizenry dozing off—one of the great questions of the day, although thinking about it sort of makes you doze off.

I don't want to give the impression that I almost never hear from readers about the Bush Administration. A number of readers, I have to report, believe me to be insufficiently appreciative of the subtleties of Dan Quayle's mind. They occasionally send me letters expressing that thought in spirited phrases like "probably not as dumb as all that." I've taken all of those letters to heart.

Still, most of my mail is about the fruitcake question. Not all of it. I still get mail about the Gipper—actually, about my contention two or three years ago that I had found the real George Gipp (as opposed to the one in the movie, played by Ronald Reagan) in a nursing home in Lodi, New Jersey, occupying his sunset years by stiff-arming nurse's aides and telling anyone who would listen that he went to Notre Dame only because he couldn't get into Holy Cross. Even at this late date, I get mail from readers who claim to have read an article in *Reader's Digest* saying that the real Gipp actually died while he was at Notre Dame, just the way the movie said he did. I have a sort of form letter I use to answer those: "Who are you going to believe—*Reader's Digest* or me? It's not even a full-size magazine."

But most of my mail is about the fruitcake question. I've never exactly kept that a secret, although I won't claim that I blurt it out when one of my colleagues fixes me with a profound look and says, "Getting much mail on the future of the Atlantic alliance?"

"Not much," is what I say. He doesn't need to know that I've never actually received a letter about the future of the Atlantic alliance. He doesn't need to know that I've never actually written anything about the future of the Atlantic alliance. "Not much" will do him just fine.

Also, in talking with my colleagues, I see no reason to bring up the fruitcake question. I suppose I could try my own profound look—which, I regret to say, strikes most people as the sort of expression you might find on someone who has just eaten a piece of particularly loathsome fruitcake—and say, "Getting much mail on the fruitcake question?" I don't. I don't mention the Gipper, either. Sometimes, if I've just received a particularly persuasive letter from a supporter of the Vice President, I might say, "Getting much mail that says he's probably not all that dumb?" They never are.

If my colleagues pressed me on the kind of mail I get, I'd have to say that it's mainly on the fruitcake question. This is all because of a column I wrote around Christmastime that included, among a number of interesting facts about fruitcake, the fact that nobody has ever actually bought a fruitcake for himself. A lot of people write me to say that they have, in fact, bought fruitcakes for themselves. It might be significant that so far not one of these letters has included a receipt.

Am I saying that I don't trust my own readers? Has this society reached a level of suspicion at which we're all going to have to start saving our fruitcake receipts? That's an interesting question. In fact, now that I think of it, that may be one of the great questions of the day.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

When used by a panicky public official, the sub judice defense is a bit like the date stamped on foods by bent wholesalers trying to conceal the putrefying state of their perishable goods. In other words, it expires. The latest high-sounding excuse being offered by the President and his associates for their refusal to answer questions arising from the Iran/*contra* investigation is that it would be wrong to prejudice the trial of _____ (fill in as applicable). Bush himself used it the other day to postpone the evil hour when he would be confronted with his lies and exposed as a pimp for the *contras*. All departments of government similarly dive for the same foxhole when asked about the arraignment of John Hull for narcotics trafficking in Costa Rica.

While we wait for the date stamp to expire, we can pass the time reading "Drugs, Law Enforcement and Foreign Policy," a report of the Senate Subcommittee on Narcotics, Terrorism and International Operations. This report was released on April 13 and was received with a storm of indifference from the national press and television. It makes a near-perfect accompaniment to the recent and much-hailed "bipartisan accord" on "nonlethal aid" (how these terms inflame the gorge) to the *contras*. One of the subcommittee's findings concerned

> payments to drug traffickers by the U.S. State Department of funds authorized by the Congress for humanitarian assistance to the contras, in some cases after the traffickers had been indicted by federal law enforcement agencies on drug charges, in others while traffickers were under active investigation by these same agencies.

As with all Congressional prose, you have to read that twice to get its sense and meaning. The State Department gave money, voted by a gullible Senate, to known drug runners in order to buy guns for a gang of cutthroats.

Or consider this, indicative of the atmosphere that prevailed in the counsels of the Reagan-Bush state:

> In each case, prior to the time that the State Department entered into contracts with the company, federal law enforcement had received information that the individuals controlling those companies were involved in narcotics.

As the report also says, making marvelously understated use of the word "selected":

> The State Department selected four companies owned and operated by narcotics traffickers to supply humanitarian assistance to the contras.

The four companies were SETCO Air, an outfit run by the Honduran drug merchant Ramon Matta Ballesteros; DIACSA, a Miami-based air freight company run by the convicted drug traffickers Floyd Carlton and Alfredo Caballero; Frigorificos de Punterenas, a firm used as a front by Cuban exile drug runners; and Vortex, another air supply company partly owned by the confessed drug trafficker Michael Palmer. The total given to those four—and given, remember, by the State Department itself and not by North's backroom cowboys—was $806,401.20. I like the punctilious accuracy of that figure, which represents only what the subcommittee can discover of the allocation of "humanitarian aid." So far just one touch is lacking, until page 117:

> Ambassador Robert Duemling, Director of the Nicaraguan Humanitarian Assistance Organization (NHAO), who was responsible for the operation of the program, was *unable to recall* how these companies were selected. [Emphasis added.]

John Hull makes an intriguing additional appearance in the report as the man who, "in an effort to stop the investigation against him and to cause the Justice Department to instead investigate those urging an investigation of Hull, . . . prepared falsified affidavits from jailed mercenaries in Costa Rica to U.S. Attorney Kellner. In the affidavits the mercenaries accused Congressional staff of paying witnesses to invent stories about illegal activities associated with the clandestine Contra supply network."

I have written before about Leon Kellner and his wonderful attachment to the rule of law in Florida (see "Minority Report," March 5, 1988), and I'm interested to see that this subcommittee report again asks itself about Justice Department sloth and collusion:

> To this day, the Justice Department has taken no action against John Hull for obstruction of justice or any related charge in connection with his filing false affidavits with the U.S. Justice Department regarding the Congressional investigators.

Recall that Hull was introduced to Rob Owen, Oliver North's courier to the *contras*, in the office of then-Senator J. Danforth Quayle. Recall that North paid Hull $10,000 a month. Recall that North has argued, with considerable supporting evidence, that he took no major decision that was not authorized or ordered by his superiors.

I still disagree with Bush's hysterical call for the death penalty for "drug kingpins," but that doesn't mean that I'm opposed to punishing them at all. Let's see some crisp action over at the new, cleansed, Meese-free Justice Department.

* * *

The first months of the Bush regime have sunk everybody into such a coma of boredom and disgust that even jokes about the "thousand points of light" have become wearisome. Recently I realized from what source Peggy Noonan must have stolen her half-remembered image. It's from the last stanza of Auden's poem "September 1, 1939":

> Defenceless under the night
> Our world in stupor lies;
> Yet, dotted everywhere,
> Ironic points of light
> Flash out wherever the Just
> Exchange their messages:
> May I, composed like them
> Of Eros and of dust,
> Beleaguered by the same
> Negation and despair,
> Show an affirming flame.

The original provides a better precept than the caricature.

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ARTICLES.

THE TINA SYNDROME

Is There Life After Thatcher?

GEORGE BLACK

London

With or without Margaret Thatcher, who is about to celebrate her tenth anniversary in power, the 1980s would still have brought fiber optics and cordless telephones, Nintendo games and designer genes, Lean Cuisine, *Fatal Attraction* and the Hyundai. "Thatcherism" and the postindustrial revolution occupy the same space in time. But the special mark of the Tory revolution, if such it is, has been its drive to convince the British that modernity and the Thatcher regime (the term the Prime Minister herself favors) are not only coincident but coterminous.

The Thatcher decade can be described in many ways, first of all in terms of class: Gone are many of the old verities that made British life comprehensible if not pleasant, the rigidities and the subtle fine-shadings of social status. (George Orwell thought of himself, remember, as writing from the point of view of the "lower-upper-middle-class.") The breakdown of the postwar Keynesian consensus, increased consumer power, large-scale immigration, the women's movement and above all the drastic economic transformations of the 1980s—all have splintered the familiar social structure.

Or Thatcherism can be characterized morally: as an exaggerated cult of greed founded on an ethos of self-sufficiency and atomization. "There is no such thing as society," the P.M. once remarked, "only individuals." What this philosophy encourages is the privatization not only of property but of desires. Its goal is not just to defeat the opposition Labor Party but to depict socialism as a historical aberration that can never return.

While the tone for British politics in the 1980s has been set by the globalization of capital and the advance of new technology, it is Thatcher's ideological aggressiveness (and the sheer malevolence of her presence, which transfixed the British left) that has come to embody the decade. With a gimlet eye for the weakness and disarray of her social democratic enemies, Thatcher counterposed the modernity of the marketplace to the obsoleteness of the state, forcing a choice between inefficiency and enterprise, between familiarity and novelty, in essence between past and future. Just as the old social democratic vision collapsed, along came Thatcher and, as they say in England, put the boot in. Labor, ten years out of power, has failed to present an alternative version of the new world; Thatcher has simply monopolized the language of modernity. The most characteristic slogan of her rule: "There Is No Alternative"—or TINA, for short.

Thatcherism has also appropriated large slices of the past, with a new theme-parking of British history that goes way beyond the familiar potty fascination with stately homes and the Royal Family. The city of Dover is to get the latest in a stream of "heritage centers." According to the publicity, Dover's White Cliffs Experience will include "a full-scale reconstruction of the Romans' landing, viewed from a conquering galley. Not to mention an entire Forties street, with an air raid thrown in." More surprising, heritage centers are also springing up in the devastated urban areas of the north. Where Britain once had industry, it now has industrial archeology; where it once had an industrial work force, it now has actors pretending to be workers in human dioramas.

These are not museums in the classic sense, for the pedagogical function of the past has changed. The museums of the Victorian age that Thatcher is fond of invoking were born of a fascination with industry and progress, rationality and natural history. Stocked with dinosaur skeletons and exotic fish and working scale models of Richard Arkwright's Spinning Jenny and George Stephenson's primitive steam locomotives, they were designed to show how we got to where we are. Today's heritage centers package the past as a commodity and a diversion.

The ruthless success with which the industrial past has been ransacked, and its struggles between capital and labor prettified, is a good measure of how far the British labor movement has been thrown on the defensive. For most of this decade the politics of the left have been identified with two things: the disastrous record of the Labor Party's past two periods in office and the energy-sapping internal battles to renovate the party after its removal from power in 1979.

Social democracy, as practiced by the likes of Harold Wilson and Jim Callaghan, foundered definitively in the 1970s. Labor had believed that it could forever ride the coattails of successful capitalism, and in 1976, when it became apparent that the postwar equation—continued growth and full employment—could no longer be sustained, and that the party had to choose between its allegiance to labor and its reliance on capital, it bowed to the demands of the International Monetary Fund. Keynesianism collapsed everywhere, but in Britain, with its inefficient and antiquated industrial structure, the wreckage of the old order was especially severe.

Once in power, Thatcher made sure that collective provision for social need became a dirty concept. The interventionist state—and there was truth as well as propaganda in this characterization—became synonymous with insensitivity to individual freedoms and choices, with dole queues and hospital waiting lists, an impersonal welfare bureaucracy and abusive public-sector labor unions. Against this, Thatcherism told people they could make it on their own.

The men (for they were mostly men) who had been in charge of the old Labor Party machine were remote and unaccountable bosses, reliant on the politics of patronage, often incompetent, sometimes corrupt. In the 1970s a younger generation of activists began to sweep away the undemocratic deadwood of the local parties. "The Laborist

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system didn't believe in democracy," says Tony Benn, who came to embody the campaign of the party's insurgent left. "Callaghan and Brezhnev were look-alikes." Benn came within a whisker of winning the party's deputy leadership in 1981. Despite his loss, the left won its demand that members of Parliament, as is the case in much of Western Europe, be subject to recall by their local parties; the ascent of Michael Foot and then of Neil Kinnock to the party leadership also seemed, at first glance, to be victories for the radicals.

Instead, Kinnock set about cleansing the party of its "hard left"—an unsatisfactory catchall term for Bennites, local militants and an array of factions, notably the Militant Tendency, that had been successfully practicing the time-honored Trotskyist art of "entryism." While the left cried witch hunt, several leading members of Militant were expelled from the party. The purge coincided with the climax of Thatcher's own confrontation with the "municipal socialism" practiced by the Labor-run councils of seven large urban areas, which she resolved in 1986 by the simple expedient of abolishing them.

Having dealt with the left, the Labor leadership carried out a face lift of its own, based, as Michael Dukakis might have said, on competence rather than ideology. Its preferred channel of communication under Kinnock was the television screen rather than the activist rank and file, whom it regarded, rather as the crusty old Fabian Sidney Webb had back in 1930, as "frequently unrepresentative groups of nonentities dominated by fanatics and cranks, and extremists." The left, in turn, retreated further into its conviction that access to power means, by definition, the betrayal of principles. "Orthodoxy," as Stuart Hall observes in a recent book on Thatcherism, was "its way of warding off evil spirits."

Thatcher's third term was always likely to be her most difficult. Privatization proceeds as an article of faith, even where it is inefficient, costly or cuts into the very core of the welfare state. The Prime Minister may have won the basic battles against the idea of bureaucratic collectivism, but polls show that the British are still unwilling—even at the cost of higher taxes—to turn their backs on the most benevolent aspects of the state: social security, education and, above all, health care, which always promised to be a mine field for Thatcher. In March, Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson began appearing in full-page advertisements stripped to his beefy waist, wearing a Rambo-style headband and hefting weights to demonstrate the virtues of private health care. Around the same time, an elaborate billboard campaign began, meant to convince voters of the blessings of privatized drinking water. The Tory social agenda is not popular.

In one vignette after another, the effects of Thatcher's economic "miracle" on the social fabric are becoming more apparent. The richly metaphorical sinking of the ferry Herald of Free Enterprise in the English Channel in 1987 may have been the first instance. Then, in rapid succession, came the King's Cross subway fire, the Piper Alpha oil platform explosion and three fatal train crashes in a matter of weeks—all modern equivalents of the mining cave-ins of an earlier industrial era, both in their loss of life and in their root causes: avarice, underinvestment, inadequate safety standards. A signals technician involved in one of the train crashes told an inquiry that he was exhausted from working seven-day weeks to keep up with mortgage payments on his house, with interest rates at 13 percent. There are plenty like him, skilled workers who were tempted by the rhetoric of "popular capitalism" to cross old class lines and vote Tory for the first time, but who now have their doubts—suggesting that Thatcher's cultural revolution may be less complete than she would wish.

This is combustible material; a space begins to open for alternatives in British society. The search for them necessarily revolves around the question of the market. With the state no longer available as a rallying point for the left, how far should espousal of the market go? Is it compatible with social solidarity? Can it be regulated, or is the "free play of market forces" an untamable beast? The left in Britain, with its close historical ties to the trade unions and the public sector, has rarely put its mind to the creation of wealth; instead, the task it set itself was to distribute more equitably the surplus

DRAWINGS BY RANDALL ENOS

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that the enemy produced. Economics were deemed an arcane science, perhaps even rather vulgar, the left sharing something of the traditional British disdain for moneymaking.

Slowly, this has begun to change. In the early 1980s a number of Labor-controlled city councils began to experiment with local enterprise boards and joint-venture investments. Some, like Sheffield's under David Blunkett, adopted a gradual, flexible approach that used the existing structures of a strong local party and emphasized the need for pluralism and debate rather than the narrow polemics between "hard" and "soft" left. "In steel," Blunkett says, borrowing a metaphor from the industry that used to be Sheffield's lifeblood, "soft is malleable and hard is brittle and breaks into splinters." In London, where the old industrial working class broke up much earlier, the more flamboyant approach of Ken Livingstone's Greater London Council (G.L.C.) was, in Hilary Wainwright's phrase, to "open up, accelerate and take off," using public funds to decentralize power among a broad range of independent groups.

"Terms like 'enterprise' and 'incentive' have always been dirty words to the left," says Mary Rogers, joint chief executive of Greater London Enterprise, which was set up by the G.L.C. in 1982. Like similar bodies in Spain and Italy, G.L.E. directs private venture capital into small businesses, channeling the profits into services, training and job creation. It gives preference to businesses run by blacks and women, "but without abandoning strict financial criteria. We have to provide a positive example that the left can be about efficiency, production and competence."

Optimists on the center-left, like Charlie Leadbeater, the influential labor correspondent for the *Financial Times*, argue that while the market is essential to deliver consumer choice, it need not necessarily be accompanied by Thatcherism's aggressive ideology of greed. The surprising thing is less Leadbeater's argument than where he chooses to make it—in the monthly *Marxism Today*.

The magazine still describes itself, rather archaically, as the "theoretical and discussion journal of the Communist Party." But it has become extremely fashionable, and its editor, Martin Jacques, is a well-regarded member of the punditocracy, sought out by *The New York Times* as Britain's spokesman for its January series celebrating the death of socialism. *Marxism Today*'s thesis, coded in catch phrases like "New Times" and "Post-Fordism," is that there is no longer any direct link—if there ever was—between economic class and political outlook. In a world of reordered production and consumer diversity, class is no longer a sufficient organizing principle; and class-based parties, in turn, are less relevant (not to mention less fun) than interest-group politics based on gender, race or age. Thus, an Amnesty International rock tour, even if it is sponsored by Reebok ("Let U.B.U.") running shoes, is more important than a sackful of Labor Party resolutions.

Fair enough, but there's a touch of glibness here, a risk that the baby will be thrown out with the bathwater, and a tendency to overplay the scale and permanence of Thatcherism. It's a small step from this to the most shortsighted of alliances: for example, one with the senior doctors who may be mightily offended by Thatcher's proposed health-care reforms today, but who would cut and run from a left-wing government at the first sniff of conflict. The lines along which such alliances would snap have inescapably to do with class—whether or not "class" any longer wears the cloth cap and dungarees of "Fordism."

This is not to say that Britain's middle classes, and those who occupy the political center, have no place in the battle to shape a post-Thatcher future. In the past three years or so, the present regime has entered a new, authoritarian phase, which would not be such a menace if Thatcher's pretensions were not given such massive scope by Britain's lack of written constitutional guarantees. The maverick but always candid right-wing politician Enoch Powell once said, "If you put us in the jar labeled 'democracy,' I can't complain. I can only tell you that you have understood very little about the United Kingdom." If the past ten years prove anything, it is that modernizing Britain involves more than just reforming an undemocratic Labor Party; it means, in addition, reforming the undemocratic institutions of the British state. That is the question posed squarely by Charter 88 [see "A Bill of Rights for Britain," *The Nation*, December 19, 1988], which has gathered a swelling list of thousands of public figures of all political stripes to demand electoral reform and a formal Bill of Rights. Neil Kinnock's reaction has been to deride the signatories as "a collection of whingers, whiners and wankers."

So has Thatcher made socialism impossible? Coming from the United States, where one scrapes the barrel for socialist icons and, with some embarrassment, comes up with Bernie Sanders and Ron Dellums, Britain—indeed, any Western European country—can still seem like paradise. You can still go into a large chain bookstore in Central London and overhear a customer being told to look for a particular title in the "Struggle and Protest" section. Or you can take comfort, as I did just before leaving London, in the news that the top TV awards for 1988 went to a scathing investigative report on the security forces' killing of three I.R.A. members in Gibraltar; a highly critical play about the experiences of a soldier in the Falklands War; and the biting political drama, *A Very British Coup*, which was written by a left-wing member of Parliament.

None of this yet adds up to power, or even to winning the next election—which is a different and more modest business. Even if the Labor Party, duly refurbished in the image of Neil Kinnock, should somehow contrive to take office, it would be utopian to expect from it more than the bland and cautious language of "supply-side socialism." But the modernization of political alternatives in Britain, with its loosening up of old orthodoxies, is about more than the future of the Labor Party. The debate is taking place as much outside that ancient and rather conservative institution as within it. Drawing on the constitutional reformers and the market experimenters, and with strong Green and feminist influences, it may yet prove that there is much more to these "New Times" than is dreamt of in Margaret Thatcher's philosophy. □

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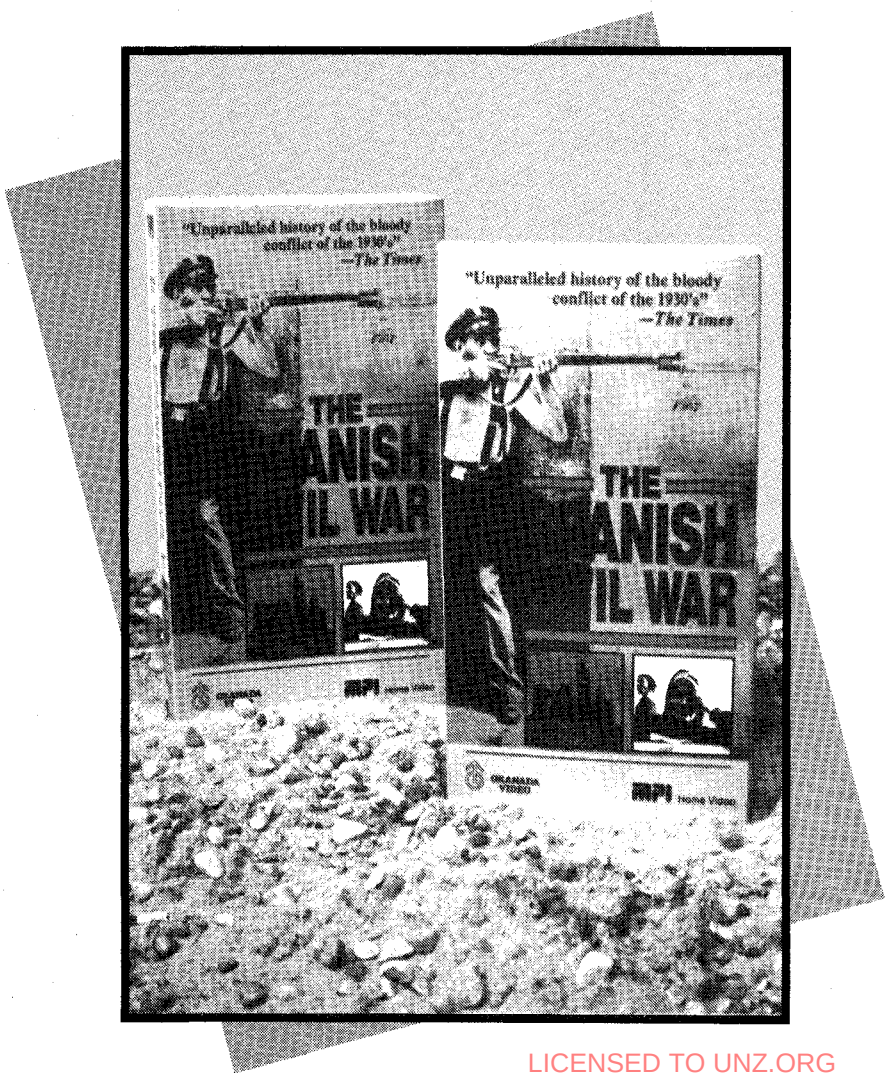

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GUILT IN EL SALVADOR

Demonizing D'Aubuisson

JEFFERSON MORLEY

Psychopathic assassin and humble saint. That is how history and myth have paired Roberto d'Aubuisson and Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero of El Salvador. Romero, a Nobel Peace Prize nominee, was killed nine years ago in a hospital chapel in San Salvador. D'Aubuisson is the dominant personality in the right-wing Arena Party, which will take control of the Salvadoran government in June. He is widely assumed to be responsible for Romero's death.

The story of the meek yet determined Archbishop and his charismatic yet deadly assailant is all that many North Americans know, or care to know, of El Salvador. In Oliver Stone's 1985 movie *Salvador*, d'Aubuisson was the ominous "Major Max Casanova." In the biopic *Romero* (to be released this fall), d'Aubuisson is "Colonel Escalante." In both movies, the sinuous bad guy selects an assassin from his blank-eyed cronies. In both, Romero's prophetic denunciation rings out as the single fatal shot is fired. The civil war of a nation is embodied in the almost biblical clash of two men.

Yet Romero himself probably would have been skeptical of the demonization of d'Aubuisson. Romero insisted that the threat to the lives of Salvadorans—his own included—did not emanate from any one man but from the idols of the West. If the Archbishop had a demon, it was the body of ideas that has guided U.S. statecraft for the past forty-two years: "national security" doctrine.

By focusing on d'Aubuisson's influence on the new regime, both U.S. and Salvadoran authorities are able to avoid the deeper questions of national security policy in El Salvador. The Bush Administration and the Democratic-controlled Congress hope the election will marginalize d'Aubuisson while it legitimizes Arena. But with the assassination of the Attorney General in broad daylight, El Salvador's crisis is increasingly unavoidable in Washington—and Romero's analysis ever more apt.

National security, Archbishop Romero explained in August 1979, was an "idolatry," an "absolutization" of political power that placed the individual "at the total service of the state." As Romero was aware, national security was not just a slogan but a codified doctrine that has guided policy-makers and generals in the Western hemisphere since the U.S. Congress passed the National Security Act in July 1947. "We in El Salvador well know," Romero declared, "how any dissent against the present form of capitalism and against the political institutions that support it is repressed with ever increasing violence and ever greater injustice—inspired by the theory of national security."

In October and November 1979, Romero reiterated his warnings about national security ideology. The Sandinistas had triumphed a few months before in Nicaragua, a victory Romero cautiously hailed as a "dawn of liberation." U.S. policy-makers, however, were disturbed, and secretly began aiding both the *contra* rebels in Nicaragua and the armed forces of El Salvador. Romero, unaware of this aid, insisted in his weekly homilies that any U.S. assistance should be conditioned on purging human rights abusers from the Salvadoran military.

Romero was also unaware that in 1978 or 1979 the San Salvador station chief of the Central Intelligence Agency had hired El Salvador's Vice Minister of Defense, Nicolás Carranza, to provide information about power struggles within the military. Carranza was the leader of the ultra-right-wing faction in the security forces that was doing most of the struggling. He is an extraordinarily important figure in the events leading up to Romero's assassination, not least because he played William Casey to d'Aubuisson's Oliver North.

Roberto d'Aubuisson in early 1980 was, like North, a clever right-wing officer with a knack for ingratiating himself with his superiors. Under Carranza's tutelage, he was organizing an ad hoc national security network inside and outside the armed forces. Carranza and d'Aubuisson aggressively favored measures that the military brass and civilian politicians were too moderate or timid to pursue. These measures included death squads. In December 1983, Carranza's name appeared on a list of death squad leaders that Vice President George Bush took to San Salvador, according to a senior U.S. official who saw the list.

In Langley and Foggy Bottom in early 1980, it was the actions of Archbishop Romero, not of Nicolás Carranza, that disturbed senior members of the national security apparatus. When Romero visited the Vatican in late January 1980, he was approached by a U.S. diplomat, who told the Archbishop informally that policy-makers in Washington were concerned that he was following a "revolutionary line of action."

He was and he wasn't. The Archbishop had many differences with Salvadoran leftists, most notably in their dedication to "political organization," which Romero viewed as an idolatry not unlike private property and national security. Nor did Romero spare the left from criticism in his weekly sermons. Still, Romero did fit the textbook definition of a "threat to U.S. national security." He was unequivocal in demanding that the popular organizations of the left—trade unions, *campesino* groups, professional organizations and Christian base communities—be granted a place in the Salvadoran political system. It was precisely this possibility that prompted Zbigniew Brzezinski, President Jimmy Carter's national security adviser, to create a senior interagency task force to develop a new U.S. policy toward El Salvador. In mid-February 1980, the task force recommended substantial increases in economic assistance and the resumption of U.S. military aid, which had been cut off for human rights reasons in 1977.

Archbishop Romero thought the new U.S. policy was a menace. In a homily on February 8, 1980, he said that the U.S.-sponsored reforms, while overdue, were merely "part of a more general program, behind which are the Americans, [and] which includes massive repression." A week later,

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Romero wrote an unprecedented open letter to Carter opposing the proposed $50 million aid package. Publicly, the U.S. government was unmoved; privately, Embassy officials reported that Romero's statements created difficulties for U.S. policy-makers. Romero was becoming a policy obstacle.

D'Aubuisson and Carranza were viewed as a lesser problem. They opposed U.S. policy, but from the right. Together, they were pursuing three goals. First, they wanted to destroy or demoralize the popular organizations, including the Catholic Church, that were demanding basic changes in the country's socio-economic system. Second, they sought to block any coalition of young progressive army officers and leftist politicians—a coalition Romero was likely to bless. And third, they hoped to mobilize a right-wing political party that would someday take power.

Publicly, d'Aubuisson appeared in paid TV appearances as spokesman for a political organization called the Broad National Front, the forerunner of today's Arena. He denounced the government for promoting land reform and making concessions to Communists. Privately, d'Aubuisson and his associates were purchasing a wide variety of high-powered guns and explosives, traveling frequently to safe houses in Guatemala and organizing death squads. (A year later, in April 1981, a State Department spokesman alleged in a letter to Congress that d'Aubuisson directed the Maximiliano Hernández Martínez Brigade, one of the most notorious death squads.) D'Aubuisson was also meeting privately with U.S. Embassy officials who reported to Washington that he was a smart fellow. D'Aubuisson suggested that the United States should tolerate a right-wing coup, a suggestion that U.S. officials publicly rejected.

D'Aubuisson's name does not appear in a heavily censored C.I.A. report dated February 20, 1980, but Romero's does. C.I.A. analysts concluded that the church had "recently tilted officially to the extreme left." According to the report, which was based on intelligence developed by the San Salvador station chief, Romero favored what many in Washington feared most: "Archbishop Romero—the influential Catholic primate—supports an alliance of the democratic left with the extreme left." Romero had become a threat to the ambitions of the Carranza faction of the Salvadoran armed forces and to the policy goals of the U.S. national security bureaucracy.

Thirty-three days later, Romero was dead.

It was almost six years before the Salvadoran government launched a serious investigation into the Romero assassination. The initial military investigation was a joke, and a commission of inquiry appointed by President Duarte in 1984 was little better. The C.I.A. commissioned its own study of the murder in the early 1980s but did not release it, even to the Senate Intelligence Committee.

The Salvadoran investigation that began in January 1986 was serious, but quite narrow in its focus. The investigators limited themselves to a probe of "the security personnel, drivers and miscellaneous support personnel serving under the officials named in the various communications media as possible masterminds in Archbishop Romero's assassination." The goal of the investigation, in short, was to confirm or deny the reports of d'Aubuisson's involvement.

Intriguing leads were not pursued. In early 1986, a wealthy Salvadoran woman told investigators that she had attended a gathering where a military friend had boasted that he possessed the gun that had dispatched Archbishop Romero to the hereafter. The officer, Col. Roberto Mauricio Staben, held aloft the rifle for all to see. Staben is known for running death squads and overseeing a kidnapping-for-profit ring in San Salvador. He also maintains good relations with the local C.I.A. station. Roberto Girón Flores, the former Attorney General of El Salvador, who oversaw the Romero inquiry, says his investigators never questioned Staben about his gun. Nor did U.S. Embassy officials.

Salvadoran investigators zeroed in on d'Aubuisson, not without reason. They tracked down the man who drove the assassin's getaway car. In a sworn statement the driver said that he was working for a man named Alvaro Rafael Saravia, whom he had taken to see d'Aubuisson the day after the assassination. According to the driver, Saravia told d'Aubuisson, "We have done what had been planned, to kill Monsignor Arnulfo Romero." D'Aubuisson seemed taken aback. "You shouldn't have done it so soon," he replied. Saravia said, "We did what had been ordered."

In November 1987 the Christian Democratic government of El Salvador charged Saravia with participation in the murder plot and sought to extradite him from the United States, where he was living illegally. However, the extradition order was voided by the Salvadoran Supreme Court in December 1988 in a delightfully brazen double-cross.

Here's what happened: After Saravia was arrested in Miami, Francisco (Chachi) Guerrero, head of the Salvadoran Supreme Court, had privately advised Attorney General

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Girón Flores and U.S. Ambassador Edwin Corr to make the extradition request through the Foreign Ministry. Both parties took Chachi's advice. D'Aubuisson then financed a legal challenge in the Salvadoran courts to the extradition of his former associate. In December 1988, Chachi wrote the decision stating that the Foreign Ministry did not have the authority to initiate extradition proceedings. Chachi was ruling his own advice unconstitutional. One persistent but unconfirmed rumor holds that he sent word of his decision to the U.S. Embassy in a box of Christmas chocolates.

What gives Chachi's double-cross its special piquancy is that the Salvadoran Supreme Court, under his leadership, has been granted $1.79 million in U.S. taxpayer money. The Supreme Court is also likely to receive a sizable chunk of additional aid in the next several years. Six U.S. Embassy officials declined to discuss the double-cross on the record. They emphasized that handling of the Romero case would not affect U.S. funding of Salvadoran judicial reforms.

D'Aubuisson defused another threat in February 1989, when the Christian Democrats went on television claiming to have identified the assassin himself. The alleged gunman was Hector Regalado, a dentist who once served as "chief of security" for d'Aubuisson and whose skills in torture had earned him the nickname "Dr. Death." According to Douglas Farah of *The Washington Post*, Regalado was employed in 1987 by the San Salvador office of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. Dr. Death, it turns out, taught marksmanship to U.S. drug agents.

The Regalado revelation didn't do much political damage to d'Aubuisson. The identity of the gunman is no more central to the killing of Romero than Eugene Hasenfus was to the Iran/*contra* scandal. D'Aubuisson deflects charges that he masterminded the assassination by saying they are politically inspired. In a candid TV interview in late January, d'Aubuisson said that because his rivals "have always politicized the case [of Archbishop Romero], they have not investigated all the clues and evidence that have appeared."

D'Aubuisson's defense, while self-interested, is not unreasonable. In discussing the murder, he always mentions the National Police of El Salvador. Two eyewitnesses saw National Police officers staking out the scene on the day of the assassination. Why, d'Aubuisson asks, do his accusers not probe the role of Carlos López Nuila, the Christian Democrat who directed the National Police at the time?

In the same interview, d'Aubuisson disabused his critics of the notion that the Salvadoran armed forces and the death squads are somehow different entities. "Some members of the armed forces took justice into their own hands," D'Aubuisson acknowledged. But these were not exactly independent operators. "There has never been a group, a separate training camp, just for death squads as you interpret them," he told his critics.

As for his own involvement in the Romero assassination, d'Aubuisson said his conscience was clear that he was not the *hechor material*, the prime actor. This was coy, but not inconsistent with the available evidence. A reliable Salvadoran source told the State Department in 1983 that d'Aubuisson had presided over a meeting at which the gunman was selected (a scene depicted in both *Salvador* and *Romero*). Notations in the so-called Saravia notebook, a ledger seized from a d'Aubuisson associate in May 1980, suggest that near the time of the killing, d'Aubuisson arranged to pay $40,000 to a Nicaraguan *contra* named Ricardo Lau. According to the former head of the Salvadoran intelligence agency, Lau carried out the shooting of Romero under the supervision of d'Aubuisson, who was in turn acting on behalf of the high command of the armed forces. Other students of the assassination think a National Police detective named Edgar Pérez Linares pulled the trigger.

But if the story of the getaway car driver is true, it could be that d'Aubuisson's plot was pre-empted. Recall his surprise on being told that Romero had already been killed. ("You shouldn't have done it so soon.") Perhaps d'Aubuisson was plotting with Lau or others to kill the Archbishop and another assassin (Regalado or Pérez Linares) carried out the order first. The widespread assumption that d'Aubuisson is responsible for Romero's death may be a new case of that old tale, "They framed a guilty man."

In any event, d'Aubuisson makes a convenient villain for those uninterested in disclosing the truth about the events leading up to Romero's death. If d'Aubuisson is solely responsible, there is little need to investigate how the D.E.A. acquired the services of Romero's alleged assassin, or to inquire why the State Department continues to give millions of dollars to Chachi Guerrero's court, or to question Colonel Staben about his boast of possessing the murder weapon. Most important, if d'Aubuisson alone is responsible for Romero's death, the central political question of the assassination also need not be asked: What is the legacy of "successful" national security policy in El Salvador?

The U.S. military aid that Romero so urgently opposed in 1980 is said to have saved the country from a Communist takeover. For almost five years El Salvador has been considered a bipartisan success story in Washington. Yet the chief beneficiary of this success is Arena, and d'Aubuisson—the Oliver North of Central America, the fall guy who refuses to fall—is poised to become the most powerful man in the country. If Secretary of State James Baker 3d and leaders of the Democratic Congress wonder why U.S. policy in El Salvador resembles a fuse sputtering toward some kind of social explosion, they might recall what Romero said just months before he was struck down: In its "dismissal of the individual and his rights, [and] the total lack of ethics in achieving its ends, national security sarcastically converts itself into *insecurity*." (Emphasis in original.) □

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THE TRIAL OF *LA MIGRA*

Raids, Racism And the I.N.S.

EARL SHORRIS

In a modern, undistinguished courtroom in San Jose, California, more than a hundred Mexican and Mexican-American witnesses, some of them trembling, have turned the tables on the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. *La Migra* is on trial, accused of a pattern of discrimination and racial harassment, physical and verbal abuse of workers, entering workplaces without proper warrants and seizing people without reasonable cause for suspicion.

The trial began in January and is expected to last through the summer. On the surface it is a straightforward battle over violations of the Fourth and Fifth Amendments by a rogue agency of the Federal government. The plaintiffs are asking the court to make permanent a 1986 injunction barring the I.N.S. from discriminatory enforcement practices and illegal searches and seizures. But no one in the courtroom fails to recognize the forces underlying the trial or the effects its outcome will have on hundreds of thousands of immigrants in the United States and millions more who are on the way.

A 57-year-old farm laborer, a timid man, one who cried on the witness stand, spoke to one of the broader issues in the case. Testifying through an interpreter, he described how I.N.S. agents beat his head against the side of a car and told him that he had no rights, no rights at all, in this country. "The one that was mistreating me," he said, "his parents were also foreigners here. I believe that in this land we have all arrived here as adventurers and trying to make a life for our children. I believe that it is not a crime to be a worker. Being a worker is one of the most beautiful things, because he is doing no wrong to anyone. To the contrary, he is giving life to all of humanity."

The owner of a small business in Sacramento said that he began to think about the issues after his place was raided and the agent in charge of the local I.N.S. office told him, "We can enter a property without a warrant if we see Mexicans in plain view from the street." The businessman, a combat veteran born in Denver, told the court, "I'm a Mexican, I have a right to be here. And I have human rights. I have civil rights and I have constitutional rights and I have rights even by Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo."

The class action suit, known as *Pearl Meadows Mushroom Farms Inc. v. Alan Nelson, Commissioner, Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS)*, was filed in U.S. District Court in 1982 after the I.N.S. carried out a series of workplace raids under Project Jobs, part of the Reagan Administration's effort to blame undocumented workers for high unemployment.

It will be a difficult case to prove, for the courts, following the Rehnquist lead, typically require that an institutional pattern be shown, and the U.S. Attorney argues that every violation of the law by the I.N.S. is merely a matter of "deviant behavior." However, in addition to direct testimony of the witnesses, some interesting evidence in support of the plaintiffs' case has surfaced. First, no I.N.S. agent has ever been formally disciplined for abusing or violating the rights of a person in a workplace, suggesting that what the U.S. Attorney calls deviant behavior is acceptable behavior within the agency.

The second bit of evidence came to light while civil rights lawyers were taking depositions from I.N.S. agents. In the discovery process they had found memorandums in which agents describe people as "tonks." The attorneys asked one agent after another what the word meant, but no one would answer. Finally, in December of 1987, Agent Larry Moy, after testifying that it was a derogatory term used by some I.N.S. agents for "illegal aliens," said, "I don't know the origin of it. I've asked other people how that term came about, so I can only repeat what other people have said to me. That's why I said I don't know the origin of it." Pressed by the lawyer, Moy said, "They told me that it's the sound of a flashlight hitting somebody's head: tonk."

Since 1982 the victims of civil war and economic disaster in Latin America have been coming across the border to the United States. Moreover, what seems the beginning of one of the great human migrations of history is under way. The westward expansion is over; populations now move north.

Congress responded in 1986 with the Immigration Reform and Control Act (IRCA), which offered a period of amnesty for some undocumented workers, to be followed by fines and imprisonment for employers of those without papers. Opponents of IRCA argued then that the act would lead to discrimination against all persons who appeared to be of foreign descent, mainly Latinos and Asians. A study by the General Accounting Office released in November of last year indicated that the worst fears of opponents of the act were coming true, for it found 528,000 instances of job discrimination against foreign-looking or foreign-sounding job applicants.

The punitive stage of IRCA took effect last June, and Representative Charles Schumer of New York has already complained that the I.N.S. has been lax in applying sanctions. Workplace raids will undoubtedly be used to enforce the new law. The question is how the raids will be carried out. Will they be guided by racist principles? What effect will the great northward migration have on the will of the courts to maintain constitutional guarantees? Who will be a juridical person in America?

Although the *Pearl Meadows Mushroom v. Nelson* trial has so far held closely to the complaint, each of the attorneys who plays a major role sees different implications. To U.S. Attorney Joseph Russoniello, a former agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the case is still about ex-

Earl Shorris is writing a book about Latinos in the United States, which is how he came upon this case.

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cluding certain people from any kind of work in America. He wishes to draw distinctions between the rights of those who have papers and those who don't. Early on in the trial Russoniello made the astonishing argument that, in effect, constitutional guarantees do not apply to undocumented workers in the United States.

In opposition to a motion to exclude evidence of unlawful immigration status Russoniello wrote:

> The unclean hands doctrine "closes the doors of a court of equity to one tainted with inequitableness or bad faith relative to the matter in which he seeks relief, however improper may have been the behavior of the defendant." *Precision Instrument Mfg. Co. v. Automotive Maintenance Machinery Co.*, 324 U.S. 806, 814 (1945). . . .
>
> Persons . . . who were illegally in the United States and working brought about the INS actions plaintiffs now challenge. Such persons' hands are "unclean," and they can receive no equitable relief.

U.S. District Court Judge Robert Aguilar, a Carter Administration appointee who is hearing the case, ruled in favor of the plaintiffs without commenting on the unclean hands argument.

The jobs argument is more subtle. "Employers hire illegals," Russoniello said, "because they're docile, they don't complain, they're easily exploitable, almost all are nonorganized. The work is hard. It offers little in the way of advancement and certainly no security.

"The noncooperating employer is the villain of the piece. They use illegals to meet their affirmative action quotas. It gives employers an excuse not to hire other minorities, blacks and the inner-city poor."

Because the attorneys for the plaintiffs were still presenting their witnesses, Russoniello was careful to keep his tactics secret, but he did promise revelations at some later date. "The trial," he said, "will show in the end that the plaintiffs have a different agenda."

Whether Russoniello is sincere about jobs or merely continuing the Reagan tactic of making scapegoats of undocumented workers is impossible to know. His record will have to serve as cross-examination on the point. He was nominated by President Reagan on the recommendation of S.I. Hayakawa, the loony semanticist and former U.S. Senator from California. Shortly after his appointment, Russoniello instituted an investigation of voting fraud by asking county officials to send him the names of people who applied for bilingual ballots. Latino and Chinese-American groups sued on the ground that the investigation was racist. Russoniello was spared from having to defend himself in the U.S. Supreme Court when the case was mooted by a California law that made applications for bilingual ballots confidential.

The racism issue arose again in January when, while meeting with attorneys for the plaintiffs in the Pearl Meadows case, Russoniello referred to people without papers as "wets." The civil rights lawyers were astonished, since the use of such terms as "wets" or "wetbacks" by the I.N.S. was one of the complaints in the case. The lead attorney for the plaintiffs drew a thick black box around the word "wets" in his notes.

In an interview Russoniello said "wetback" is "as offensive to Hispanics as 'Guinea' or 'Wop' would be to me." When confronted with the information that two attorneys had heard him use the word, he said, "The claim is either exaggerated or won't be proved. I never used the term in my life."

The lead attorney for the plaintiffs, John True, of the Employment Law Center in San Francisco, said it was because of his experiences in the Peace Corps in Nepal and Afghanistan that he was attracted to the case. He sees the other side of the exclusion issue, which he connects not to jobs but to human rights. "This may sound corny," he said, "but I think people in the world have a lot more in common than not. People across the globe feel that they are endowed with a certain dignity. Rules of excluding people have their place, I suppose, but I feel that people have the right to be treated with dignity and respect.

"Our witnesses don't make any money to speak of and they fear being under oath before the I.N.S. Why they testify is a continuing source of inspiration for me. All we have to give them is encouragement and a $35 witness fee.

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These people are doing it because they think something wrong has been done to them. My sense is that they are speaking from some part of them that would be just as insistent in their country."

True doesn't accept the employment argument. "They come to this country not to take anyone else's job," he said, "but to work hard at jobs that no one else will take. Employers say they get picked clean by the I.N.S., try to get someone else, and no one else will do the work." He pointed out that some of his witnesses worked with mushrooms, which are grown in dark, damp caves, or pulled the guts out of chickens as the newly slaughtered birds passed by on a conveyor belt.

The wall that Joseph Russoniello would build around the opportunity to work can be very dangerous, in John True's eyes, for True sees it as affecting the rights of persons, whether they are people without papers or merely citizens of Latin American descent. Speaking of who generally is subject to arrest and detention as an undocumented worker, he asks: "What does a Mexican look like? Is he a person with brown skin? Is he a person with brown skin and dirty clothes? Is he a person with brown skin and dirty clothes who won't look you in the eye?"

Francisco García-Rodríguez of the Mexican American Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which first filed the suit, carries on the argument: "In legal terms our claim is that they target Latino workers, they don't target white workers. It is clear that these people tailor their enforcement policy along racist lines. They use the word 'wets.' They beat witnesses. They insult them. It's in their own documents. You cannot question someone on the basis of ethnic appearance. You cannot use a racist factor. If I were in the work force, they would question me and not John True. And John's a friend of mine, but that's the way it is."

García-Rodríguez, who was born in Mexico, raised in Los Angeles and educated at Harvard College and Boalt Law School, has a geopolitical view of the problem. "The root causes are of international concern," he said. "It requires a State Department and not an Immigration solution. The solution is not building walls or digging ditches." Nor does he see the new immigration law as a solution. "IRCA makes employers de facto immigration agents," he said. "Ultimately, IRCA could come down to a license to raid workplaces everywhere in the U.S."

Quoting the rallying cry of immigrant rights groups—"No human being is illegal"—García-Rodríguez speaks about the terminology of the I.N.S. and its meaning: "These people are not aliens, they are not from another planet," and they are not illegal; they have rights under the Constitution. "These persons are a challenge to the kind of society we live in. This is a human rights issue. It is about how we protect the rights of human beings who live in our midst."

Alan Schlosser of the Northern California A.C.L.U., another member of the litigation team (along with attorneys from California Rural Legal Assistance and Orrick, Herrington and Sutcliffe) said, "The people who are testifying are operating as public-interest witnesses. Basically I.N.S. is an agency that has a well-known and documented history of abuses. *La Migra* is a word of opprobrium and it is well deserved. Our clients are not challenging immigration laws, they are challenging the way the I.N.S. carries them out abusively. The Constitution is clear that people who are in this country are entitled to constitutional rights. The Bill of Rights applies to persons, not to citizens."

"We think there's something wrong at the top of the I.N.S.," Schlosser said, alluding to the case and what he hopes will be its outcome. "There's no effective system of control. We want a system in which the public would know where to file complaints, where there would be real investigation and discipline if warranted, an internal review system."

Meanwhile, the trial continues. The testimony and the tactics are often ugly. One witness, crying on the stand, described how I.N.S. agents sat him in a chair, handcuffed him from behind and pushed his face down toward some dog shit on the floor, saying, "That's what you are." Eventually the U.S. Attorney may try to discredit the witness's testimony, given through an interpreter, by showing that under cross-examination it was inconsistent in some details. The judge, who grew up in California and speaks Spanish, will have to decide.

Another witness, also speaking through an interpreter, reported the following conversation between two I.N.S. agents: "The one who grabbed me by the waist said to another short, black man that I had my papers in my house." He told the second agent's response in English: "Fucking Mexicans lie every time."

Halfway through this account, one of the government attorneys objected: "That statement should be stricken. There's no indication of how the agent responded, in English or Spanish. This person here is testifying with an interpreter. There's no basis what his understanding of English was back six years ago and by the fact that he's testifying here with an interpreter makes his understanding of English, if indeed it was in English, what that statement was—"

He was overruled before he could finish the argument.

And so the case goes on, week after week, witness after witness describing the I.N.S. rushing up to factories or farms in green cars and vans that suddenly disgorge armed men who block all exits, then methodically go through the workplace questioning and detaining those who appear to be Latino, passing by everyone else. There are beatings, insults, threats. Lives are suddenly disrupted, businesses thrown into chaos. The witnesses compare these tactics to what they have seen in movies of the Gestapo.

Whether that comparison is mere hyperbole depends, to some degree, upon the outcome of the trial and the appeals that are sure to follow. In *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, Hannah Arendt named "the destruction of a man's rights, the killing of the juridical person in him" as one of the key tactics of the Nazis. The U.S. Attorney for the Northern District of California contends again and again in U.S. District Court that undocumented workers are effectively without any rights under the Constitution, that they are not juridical persons. It is an argument that has not been made in the civilized world for nearly half a century. □

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Abortion

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

part, with a little ferocity on the part of some, like the women who run the Dallas abortion clinic that supported the original Jane Roe suit; they wore cowboy hats with wire hangers stuck through them and carried a list of Operation Rescuers who've been busted. They are really on the line down there; Roe had her house shot at just the other day. It's war in Florida too; two clinics were torched the day of the demonstration, and doctors who perform abortions are regularly denied hospital privileges.

But after this march, there can be no doubt who's in the mainstream on this issue. I have never seen so many straight-looking people in one place in my life, let alone in a demonstration. This must have been the first march for an awful lot of them. Ann Snitow, who organized the No More Nice Girls delegation (they dressed in black and in chains, and were "pregnant" with pillow bellies) said, "It was the heartland—family and Kalamazoo and union. It was the solid Protestant core of America, who really do believe in individual rights and don't want anybody messing with theirs!"

It was a tolerant march, welcoming to difference. Despite the National Organization for Women's plea to wear virginal white like the suffragists (most of whom had other women do their laundry), nobody looked askance at the outlandish outfits of No More Nice Girls or the two punks in kilts with Vaselined hair who marched near us. Many people carried prefab pro-choice signs, but there were plenty of homemade ones, ranging from "There Are More of Us Than You Think in Orange County" to "Equality, Planning, and Choice" to "Free Women, Free Bodies." There was the young man with his "Men Who Will Not Take Responsibility for Birth Control Should Fuck Themselves" and the two women proclaiming they were "Mormons for Choice." The latter would "probably be kicked out of the church by sundown," muttered Linda Nochlin, marching near me.

Everywhere people pushed strollers with placards declaring the occupants to be wanted babies. The delegation from the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power bopped by in a conga line chanting, "Keep abortion safe and legal. Act up! Fight back!" The group from "Jane" got its own special cheers. Jane was the women's liberation abortion network in Chicago in the days of clandestinity, as they say in Latin America. You would call a number, ask for Jane and be passed along until you finally made contact with an abortionist. Jane's sign read, "We did it before, we can do it again."

It was a united march, with no separate agendas for once. This unity has been a long time coming, and the lack of it has hurt us. Of course, the main reason we are teetering on the brink of losing abortion rights is the right-wing offensive of the past twelve years, with church and state tripping over each other in their hurry to crush women. But we have had weaknesses—in the women's movement, the abortion rights

Meredith Tax's most recent book is Union Square *(William Morrow), a novel.*

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movement and on the left—and we are paying for them.

The women's movement, having won the right to abortion, immediately demobilized. The left-wing women's organizations had begun to disintegrate by the mid-1970s and were in no shape to fight the right-to-lifers' onslaught when it began. Meanwhile, NOW singlemindedly pursued the Equal Rights Amendment and refused to work on anything else (or in coalition with anybody else) until 1985. Only with the defeat of the E.R.A. did NOW begin to understand that it must fight the right-wing backlash on a wider battlefield. Its 1986 march on Washington for abortion rights attracted 125,000 and was the largest pro-choice action up to that time. But 1986 was already late in the game, and the conservatives had the advantage of momentum.

One of the few women's groups that developed a strategy to meet the changing situation was the New York City–based Committee for Abortion Rights and Against Sterilization Abuse (Carasa). Its newly revised pamphlet, "Women Under Attack" (South End Press), provides a concise and readable account of the backlash and of other developments. Carasa developed a strategy of linking abortion rights and sterilization abuse as "two sides of the same coin, since poor women, denied funding for abortion [by the 1977 Hyde amendment], might be coerced into sterilization, which, by contrast, was funded 90 percent by the government." By making this link, Carasa and the reproductive rights groups that united with it in a national network tried to build unity across race and class lines, the lack of which "had been one of the failings of the family limitation movement."

This is an understatement. For years before the passage of the Hyde amendment, the National Abortion Rights Action League (Naral), as well as Planned Parenthood, had asked for support on the ground that giving women abortion rights would cost less money than supporting welfare babies. No wonder black activists saw a genocidal thrust in such campaigns for choice.

Carasa and its sister groups put abortion rights in the context of a program of reproductive freedom, which comprised a broad list of demands, including funding for the medical care and social services necessary to support poor women's right to have children. Struggling to redefine the problem in those terms, the reproductive rights groups gradually moved mainstream organizations like Naral away from population control rhetoric toward recognition of women's need for a wide range of reproductive choices. Without this change in the abortion rights movement, subsequent shifts in the black movement, reflected in the 1988 Jesse Jackson campaign's support of women's right to choose, would not have been possible.

Jackson was responding to the fact that poor women and women of color demand abortion rights: Poor women have already lost Medicaid funding in many states, and they and their children are most at risk if abortion is plunged into illegality. His presence on the speaker's platform, and the absence of population control slogans at the march, are signs that the movement has matured enough to see that unity is critical, despite the demise of many of the reproductive rights groups that originally fostered it. There were more women of color at this demonstration than at any other abortion march I have been in; many of them were teen-agers.

Though the attack on women's liberation has been one of the most pronounced features of the conservative backlash, the left has not in general taken women's issues as its own, and it has been relaxed in its defense of abortion rights. Writers like Christopher Lasch and Jean Bethke Elshtain prefer to defend the family, attributing its disintegration to female selfishness and the power of the women's movement. (If the women's movement had that kind of power, we wouldn't have to worry about losing abortion rights.) Some coalitions have been willing to include demands for reproductive rights on their solidarity leaflets, but much of the left still sees women as just another special-interest group to be mollified or sacrificed as advantage dictates.

A recent example is Christopher Hitchens's column in the April 24 *Nation*, in which he criticizes feminists as proponents of "disposable fetuses" and, with sweet trust in the state, proposes that "we" address abortion in terms of social needs rather than individual rights. This is to be done via a National Health Service that will give free birth control and prenatal care. (Is it possible that he thinks he is the first person to propose this, and has done so little homework that he is ignorant of the work of the feminist health movement?)

I don't know what benign state Hitchens is talking about; it can't be the one I live in. As for utopian fantasy, mine does not include handing over the rights to my body to any state. As a woman, I can no more afford to feel Hitchens's contempt for what he calls "'Me Decade' possessive individualism" than can the millions of Soviet citizens who want *glasnost*. Hitchens is one more example of the striking fact that men who can eloquently defend the individual right to free speech, as he did in the case of Salman Rushdie, can be completely out to lunch when it comes to women's individual rights—to the point where they can't even see the intimate connection between the right to free speech and the right to birth control and abortion, intertwined in the history of this country.

The right-to-lifers are more up-front; even while they use the language of social needs, their hatred and fear of women is plain on their faces. The last time I made an open-air speech on abortion, a right-to-lifer came up afterward, her fists clenched with the effort not to hit me, her mouth so contorted with rage she could barely speak. "People like you should be boiled alive in oil," she hissed. Rage like this does not spring from compassion. Despite the disclaimers of *The Village Voice*'s Nat Hentoff, the Berrigans and others who give the antiabortion movement its left cover, the motor power of this campaign is not love or compassion but rage—the rage of the repressed, who think sex is sin and must be punished. "Doesn't want a baby? She should have thought of that when she had her fun!" Such is the common coin of street-level right-to-lifers.

This is why it is so necessary to keep affirming the sexual aspect of the abortion issue and not let it dissolve into mainstream mush or let the issue be defined in terms of the extremes of rape and incest. Most women who get pregnant

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do so because of voluntary sex; and we cannot afford to abandon the hard-won ground of women's right to sexual pleasure and autonomy. On the other hand, we have to realize how temporary and fragile this right is without the social backups—health care, housing, day care, a decent income, all the rest—necessary to permit women a true choice, not only to have abortions but to have children, in the confidence that they can provide for them well.

The most radical slogan of all may still be the simple one: A woman has the right to a life. One of the women who came to the march was Kitty; ten years ago she was a high-school student in Somerville, Massachusetts. Born into poverty, brought up in the projects, she got pregnant at 15 like her sisters before her. But her teacher was in the women's movement and took her to have an abortion. Kitty now has a husband, a job and two kids she planned, unlike her sisters, one of whom had three kids before she was 17; the other recently died of AIDS. "That abortion gave me a life," Kitty says.

Abortion is as fundamental to women's liberation as is the right to work, and it should be as central to any left-wing program. Full citizenship—the ability to participate in political movements, to work in the wage economy, to have an independent life—is impossible when a woman is a slave to her own fertility, trapped in an endless, unwilled round of pregnancy after pregnancy, exhausted by childbearing and child care, old at 35. Technological progress is never without ambiguity, but twentieth-century advances in fertility control have laid the basis for a new level of female participation in politics, society, culture and the work force. April 9 demonstrated that the strength of the women's movement is still growing and is largely untapped.

Sometimes I think of women's oppression as an enormous boulder that we are slowly pushing up a steep mountain. Most generations can push it only an inch. Weak generations, or those that hit a rock, may let it slip, and a few million women are crushed. Fortunate generations like mine may get up enough momentum or be helped by favorable terrain enough to go two inches instead of one.

The long escalator that carried us from the subway to the buses following the march brought this mountain image to mind. Laden with hundreds of women, it lumbered at a forty-five-degree angle toward daylight. Suddenly, I saw the faces of the women at the top light up, and as they began to cheer and wave I looked behind me and saw an endless, Dantesque stream of women, moving steadily out of the Metro and onto the platform, while other trains bearing more thousands were backed up behind, hidden in the shadow of the tunnel.

Tears came to my eyes, and I thought, What power. If only we used it more often. But we don't know how. Then I looked at my daughter and the other young girls around me and realized we don't have to figure that out alone anymore. A new generation is coming of age, our children, whose historical experience is different from ours; they can take up where we leave off. Together we can keep the boulder from slipping down and crushing those beneath. I think we can even push it a few more inches up the mountain. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

On and Off the Field

NICOLAUS MILLS

A HARD ROAD TO GLORY: A History of the African-American Athlete. *By Arthur R. Ashe Jr. Warner Books. Vol. I, 1619–1918. 194 pp. $29.95. Vol. II, 1919–1945. 497 pp. $39.95. Vol. III, Since 1946. 571 pp. $39.95.*

NECESSITIES: Racial Barriers in American Sports. *By Phillip M. Hoose. Random House. 161 pp. $15.95.*

"It had all the seeming of a playful Ethiopian at loggerheads with a small white man—of a grown man cuffing a naughty child," the novelist and ardent socialist Jack London observed of Jack Johnson's defeat of heavyweight boxing champion Tommy Burns in 1908. London joined the chorus of writers calling for a "great white hope" to win the title back from Johnson. "Jim Jeffries must emerge from his alfalfa farm and remove the golden smile from Jack Johnson's face. Jeff, it's up to you!" he concluded.

By contemporary standards, Jack London's racism is crude. But it is the rule, not the exception, in terms of American sport. Just two years ago, on the fortieth anniversary of Jackie Robinson's major league debut, Al Campanis, the vice president for player personnel of the Dodgers—Robinson's team—set off a national controversy when he explained why, in his view, so few blacks were baseball managers. "I truly believe they may not have some of the necessities to be, let's say, a field manager or perhaps a general manager," Campanis told Ted Koppel on ABC's *Nightline*. Campanis was fired for his remarks, but as two recent studies, Arthur Ashe's three-volume history of the African-American athlete, *A Hard Road to Glory*, and Phillip Hoose's *Necessities*, show, Campanis was only saying publicly what has long been believed by most of the men who control sports in this country.

Arthur Ashe's *A Hard Road to Glory* has plenty of lore for the sports fan. There are hundreds of pages of statistics and player profiles. But the moral center of Ashe's book is his account of racism in American sport. Too often Ashe writes in a dreary prose that belongs in an encyclopedia, but the story he tells is nonetheless riveting. Like C. Vann Woodward's *The Strange Career of Jim Crow*, Ashe's history does not begin in a terrible past and move into an enlightened present; it records regression as well as progress. At the same time as blacks made strides in some sports (track and field in the 1930s), they were excluded from other sports (professional football between 1934 and 1946) in which they had once participated.

The first and shortest of Ashe's volumes covers the longest period, the years between the founding of the colonies and the end of World War I. Those years saw triumphs for black athletes—fourteen of the fifteen jockeys in the first Kentucky Derby, for example, were black. But most of what follows is a grim tale of bigotry. College football teams routinely limited the number of blacks on their squads and benched black players when opponents objected to them (Rutgers University's Paul Robeson was twice held out of games with Washington and Lee). And when the whites could ease blacks out of sports they dominated, they were quick to do so. By the eve of World War I there were no more black jockeys in flat racing, and after Jack Johnson lost his title, two decades passed before another black got a chance to fight for the heavyweight championship. Indeed, whites reacted violently to black athletes' victories over whites (thirteen blacks were killed after Jack Johnson defeated Jim Jeffries).

The second volume of *A Hard Road to Glory* tells a story almost as grim. As Ashe notes, the golden age of sports in the 1920s was really the white age. Black baseball players were confined to the Negro National League. Black runners were considered for the U.S. Olympic team only if they attended white colleges, and black golfers found that even municipal courses—the only places open to most of them—restricted the days and hours they could play. In the 1930s many of the same patterns continued. Professional football actually became more rather than less racist. But by the mid-decade there were also breakthroughs, as the pressures of impending war began to affect sport. Jesse Owens's four gold medals in the 1936 Olympics were seen by Americans as a victory over Hitler. Joe Louis's defeat of Italian heavyweight Primo Carnera was viewed as a rebuff to Mussolini's effort to conquer Ethiopia, and after Louis knocked out Max Schmeling he was told by President Roosevelt, "Joe, we need muscles like yours to beat Germany."

International politics had set the stage for what domestic politics had been unable to achieve: the integration of American sport. The slogan "If he's good enough for the Navy, he's good enough for the majors" would become a reality when Jackie Robinson signed a contract with the Brooklyn Dodgers, and in short order the entire sport world would change. In 1946 professional football again began accepting black players. Four years later Althea Gibson was invited to play at Forest Hills. In 1950 and 1951 three National Basketball Association teams signed blacks. Ashe's account of these events is especially good in its description of the political maneuvering that went on. In Robinson's case he focuses on the contribution of New York City Mayor Fiorello La Guardia, who in 1945 created a commission to study racism in baseball; in the case of Gibson he cites the role of tennis great Alice Marble, who in an open letter to the United States Lawn Tennis Association wrote, "If tennis is a game for ladies and gentlemen, it's also time we acted a little more like gentle people and less like sanctimonious hypocrites."

The third and final volume of *A Hard Road to Glory* does not conclude that all is well in American sports. Ashe points out how grudging the inclusion of blacks in sports has been: He shows how teams have dragged out the process and still try to confine blacks to certain positions. The range of material Ashe must cover in his history of the African-American athlete makes it impossible, however, for him to analyze in detail the problems that have come with "integrated" sports. For that we must turn to Phillip Hoose's *Necessities*. Here is a book that most sport fans won't enjoy. There are heroes in *Necessities*, like the black coach of the Cleveland Barracudas Swim Club, who year after year encourages his inner-city pupils to compete in a sport they have

Nicolaus Mills teaches at Sarah Lawrence College and is completing a book on the Mississippi Summer Project.

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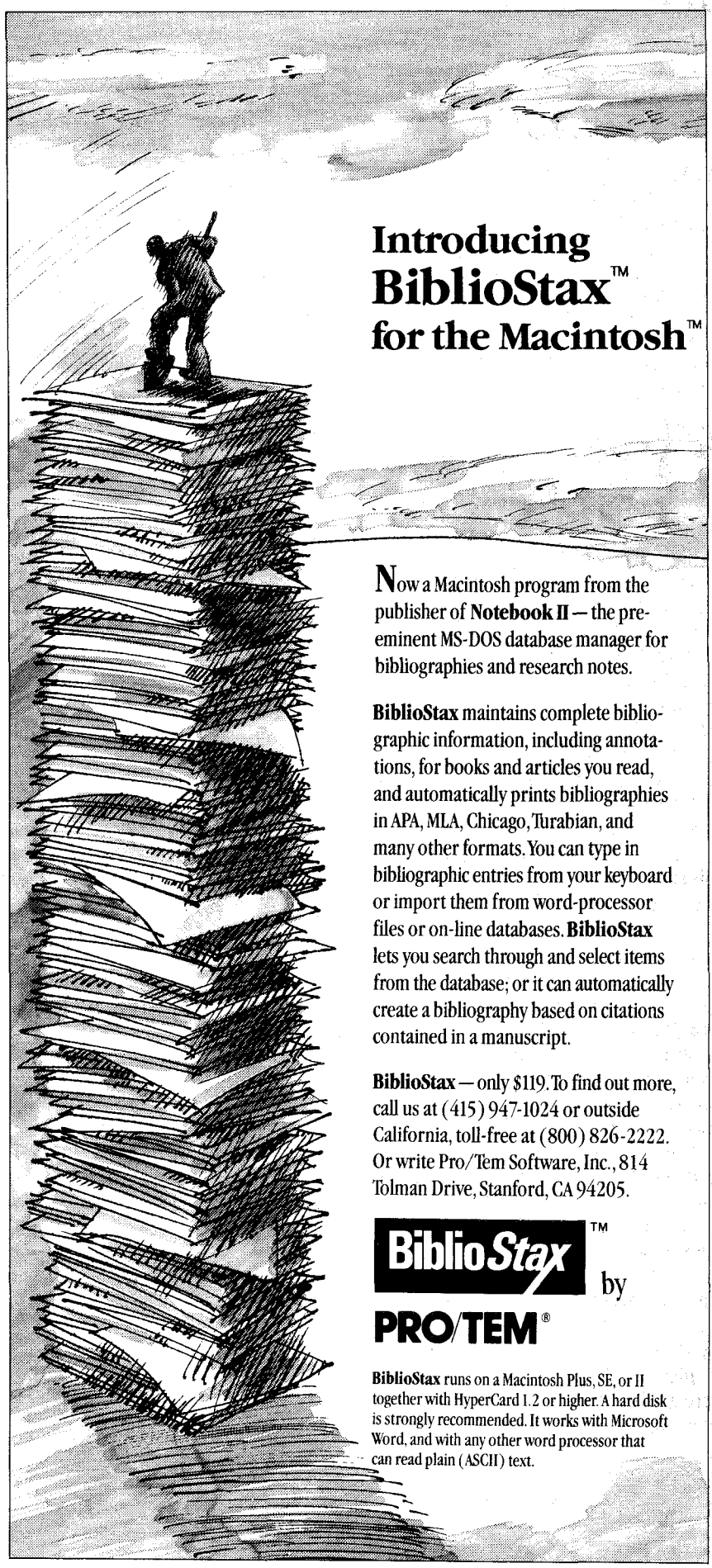
been told isn't for them. But the focus of *Necessities* is the way sports perpetuate the racism of American society.

Hoose begins his analysis by examining how the media portray what occurs on the playing field. In an era in which television has become the dominant economic force in big-time sports, it is a shrewd starting point, and it reveals the bias with which sports are presented to viewers. Hoose begins by noting how few television executives and announcers are black and goes on to provide a close critical analysis of the language used to describe black and white players. Blacks, Hoose notes, are continually described in terms of animal imagery and talked about as athletes whose natural talent got them where they are. Whites by contrast are seen as "heady" ball players who have gotten where they are through discipline and hard work. The result, Hoose argues, is a stereotyping that has made it easy for whites to accept the general absence of blacks in managerial positions even in sports in which they excel.

From his analysis of the media, Hoose moves on to a discussion of ownership. At times he loses a sense of proportion in this section. He observes that Don King, the black fight promoter, was turned down when he attempted to buy the Cleveland Cavaliers basketball team, but skims over King's prison record and his notorious exploitation of the black fighters he manages. Hoose's larger argument in this section is nonetheless convincing. Blacks have not been given a chance to own any of the major sports teams. And white owners also set up an old-boy network of managers and coaches. As Hoose points out, there has never been a black head coach in the National Football League. There is now only one black manager in major league baseball and there are only two black general managers in the National Basketball Association.

By the time Hoose gets around to the playing field, we know what to expect. Looking at sports structurally—analyzing players in relation to the ball and control of the game—Hoose shows racism at work position by position. Only eight black quarterbacks in the history of the National Football League have thrown more than twenty-five passes; in baseball racism is subtler but no less evident. At the 1988 Major League All Star game, nine of the eleven outfielders were black or Latino, but fourteen of the twenty-three infielders were white, as were nineteen of the twenty pitchers. Nor were these All Star figures an aberration.



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A black baseball player is 8.8 times more likely to be an outfielder than a pitcher.

The most moving chapter in *Necessities* does not, however, center on those black athletes who made it in sports, only to be victimized by racism. Instead it centers on those who devoted themselves to sports but did not make the grade, and then found they had no career to fall back on. Hoose tells their story movingly, focusing on the case of Sam Drummer, a high-school star who, after failing to graduate from college and failing to make it as a pro, ended up as a janitor at his hometown college. The problem is the emphasis Hoose, like Ashe, gives to a story like Drummer's: not enough, not nearly enough.

In the 1980s no issue in American sport is more serious or more consistently evaded than that of the aspiring black athlete. The controversy over the National Collegiate Athletic Association's passage last January of a new rule, Proposition 42, is a perfect illustration. Proposition 42 requires that by 1990 athletes receiving scholarships at Division I schools have a C average in eleven high-school core courses and score 700 out of a possible 1600 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test, or 15 out of 36 on the American College Test. The requirements are minimal, but as critics—among them two of the best black basketball coaches in the country, John Thompson of Georgetown University and John Chaney of Temple University—have charged, their impact would be uneven. Blacks, who average 737 on the SAT and 13.6 on the ACT, would be affected far more often than whites, who average 935 and 19.6, respectively.

Thompson's and Chaney's public stance makes sense; coaches should speak out about Proposition 42. But from Ashe and Hoose it is fair to expect more. The rule will affect about 600 athletes a year, but that has nothing to do with a far more alarming problem—the drop in black male enrollment in colleges from 470,000 in 1976 to 436,000 in 1986. In this context it is not enough for people who write about race and sport to insist that the time has come for equality on and off the field. They must also make the argument that nobody connected with sports—especially big-time sports—wants to hear. Sports are not a realistic way out of poverty for black youth (only 14 percent of black college athletes graduate in four years, according to one study). Even in basketball, where 78 percent of the pros are black, the odds are next to impossible: 10,000 to 1 that a high-school player will make it to the National Basketball Association, 183 to 1 that a college player will. To encourage a youngster to fight these odds isn't asking him to dream. It's asking him to fail in the name of a dream. □

A Cyberspace Odyssey

ERIK DAVIS

MONA LISA OVERDRIVE. *By William Gibson. Bantam. 260 pp. $17.95.*

ISLANDS IN THE NET. *By Bruce Sterling. Ace. 396 pp. $4.50.*

Later this spring, the Chicago Mercantile Exchange and Reuters Holdings PLC will launch Globex, a worldwide computerized trading system that will handle some of the Merc's financial instruments during the hours the futures pits themselves are closed. In a rival move, the Chicago Board of Trade and Telerate plan to implement Aurora, a more colorful screen-based trading system unofficially named "pit Nintendo." Information has always been a commodity in the market, but these developments are significant because both Globex and Aurora are hybrids of a capital exchange and an information/telecommunications network. When subject to the digital flow, information and capital become two sides of the same coin, or chip. Both Globex and Aurora indicate a trend toward screen-based trading, a step in the direction of a twenty-four-hour integrated and computerized global market.

This development can be understood within the cultural context of postmodernism. In "Postmodernism, or the Cultural Logic of Late Capitalism," Fredric Jameson makes the claim that every position on postmodernism in culture is "necessarily, an implicitly or explicitly political stance on the nature of multinational capitalism today." In linking postmodernism to late capitalism, Jameson not only performs the critical task of historicizing culture, but more ominously suggests that late capitalism itself is postmodern, that emerging cultural logics correspond to a mutation in the world itself brought on by an increasingly virulent and proliferating network of information technology, globalized capital and media culture. Globex and Aurora are not only as "postmodern" as Nam June Paik, Jean Baudrillard or MTV but may represent more fundamental components of the mutation of the world-scape.

The mutation has occurred in science fiction as well. Over the past five or so years, the cyberpunks have created postmodern techno pulp out of the cultural logic of late capital. William Gibson and Bruce Sterling are the leaders of this loose-knit group, Gibson playing visionary to Sterling's theorist. In place of the weird aliens, space operettas and outlandish machines of stock sci-fi, they construct an all-too-earthly near future of powerful multinational corporations, data pirates, anarchist computer hackers, urban sprawl, digital mysticism, designer drugs and the ever-present terminal screen. A particularly virulent strain of postmodern capitalist logic infects their books, producing simultaneously—and necessarily—critical social discourse and the rankest of symptoms.

Gibson is the most celebrated cyberpunk, whose *Mona Lisa Overdrive* completes a loose trilogy that began in 1984 with the watershed, mega-award-winning *Neuromancer*, and continued with *Count Zero* in 1986. While no apologist for the cutthroat corporations that wield political power in his books, Gibson clearly revels in both the perverse gloss of late capitalist culture and the possibilities of its machines. Science is technology and technology is either corporate or loose on the street. His multinationals (Maas-Neotek, Hosaka, Ono-Sendai) are almost characters in his novels, capitalist nation-states loosed from geography, organizations so complex and dynamic they begin to resemble organic entities, evolving into ever more complex forms. (Time-Warner, anyone?) Governments are corporate puppets, and scientists are more crucial than military men. The plot of *Count Zero* concerns the failed defection of Chris Mitchell, a top biochip researcher, from Maas Biolabs to Hosaka, which results in a small nuclear explosion.

The labyrinthine, multi-charactered plot of *Mona Lisa Overdrive* revolves around Mitchell's daughter Angie, a megastar on the Sense/Net media network (the audience directly experiences the actors' sensations), whose dad grafted a

Erik Davis works for Trading Systems Technology *and writes rock criticism for* The Village Voice *and* Spin.

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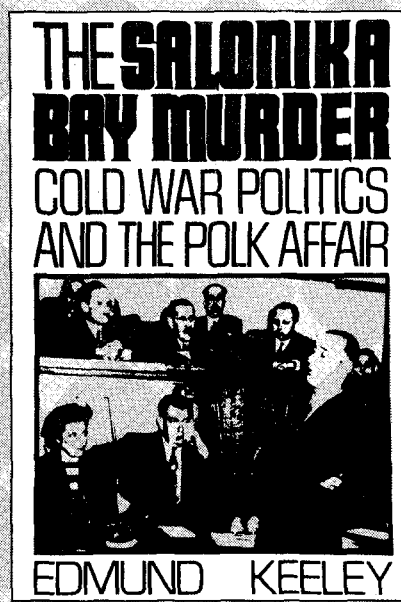
biochip into her brain, enabling her to contact mysterious entities in the world's computer networks. The net she's caught in involves corporate operatives, low-life street techies, wireheads addicted to data, sentient AI (artificial intelligence) programs, technological performance artists and the superwealthy cloned clan of the Tessier-Ashpools. Chapters are short, speedy and high-res, and following the various strands of the plot resembles watching four different TV programs by rapidly changing channels.

Even more than its two predecessors, *Mona Lisa Overdrive* relies not on plot but on style. Gibson cross-wires high-tech jargon, brand names, street slang and endless acronyms into a techno-pop semiotics that draws its *logos* from corporate logos. He squeezes a high-density poetry from words like "polycarbon," "matrix" and "chrome." Along with his networked narratives, Gibson's prose can generate what Jameson called the post-modern sublime, a rush born of the attempt to represent the impossible totality of the decentered global network of multinational capital. By festishizing the logic of late capital, Gibson brings to the surface the beast that lurks behind the dense surreal surface of pop culture, simultaneously as meaningful and empty as a video screen.

Gibson's greatest conceptual coup, "cyberspace," is itself a screenlike construct devised to represent the global system of data and capital. Cyberspace is a "consensual hallucination" that represents all the world's data in a three-dimensional multicolored universe of grids and icons. Users project their minds into cyberspace through video game decks, floating around the green cubes of Mitsubishi Bank of America and the distant spiral galaxies of military systems, their data all protected by "ice": "People jacked in so they could hustle. Put the trodes on and they were out there, all the data in the world stacked up like one big neon city, so you could cruise around and have a kind of grip on it, visually anyway, because if you didn't, it was too complicated, trying to find your way to a particular piece of data you needed." Cyberspace points to the strange sense of space that computers produce, a nonspace that paradoxically reorganizes how humans perceive their own geographic standing. As Angie states, echoing Gertrude Stein, "There is no *there* there." Gibson's cyberspace puts the Chicago Board of Trade's Aurora system in a whole new light, because in its attempt to replicate



Edmund Keeley makes a penetrating inquiry into the injustices of the "Polk affair"—the sensational murder of the zealous American journalist George Polk during the Greek Civil War, and the subsequent trial of a scapegoat in whitewashed proceedings that involved Greek, American, and British government officials and journalists. Keeley shows how Cold War politics and Greek civil conflict led to the torture, forced confession, and conviction of a Salonika journalist—and he probes the international implications of a case that raises serious questions about American foreign policy then and now.
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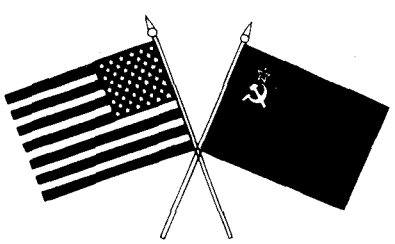

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Islamic liberalism —is it possible

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the open-outcry system, Aurora simulates the trading pit and represents brokers as colored badges which can be "hit" with the PC's mouse.

Gibson is particularly adept at showing how new technologies always and necessarily create new conditions for subversion. A number of his main characters are "cowboys," console jocks who do dirty deeds in cyberspace. In *Neuromancer*, the Panther Moderns, high-tech anarchists similar to West Germany's Chaos Club, launch an assault on Sense/Net's databanks that shows what will happen when hackers like Robert Morris (the graduate student who slipped the virus to the Defense Department's Arpnet last November) really get their ire up. But Gibson doesn't suggest many avenues of collective resistance in his world—his outsiders remain hustlers, solo entrepreneurs, anarchists. On the other hand, he may be indicating that the very conditions of resistance change within a radically computerized society, and that hacking, illegal or not, is always in some fundamental sense subversive.

Bruce Sterling does not have Gibson's visual imagination nor his infectious style, but he fleshes out his cyberpunk imaginings with more concentrated thought. Unlike Gibson, who is surprisingly uninformed about computers, Sterling himself is steeped in cutting-edge research and new technologies, and the knowledge shows itself through most of his books as well as his excellent introduction to *Mirrorshades*, an anthology of cyberpunk short stories. If Gibson's books are like genre flicks the future would entertain itself with, Sterling's *Islands in the Net*, recently issued in paperback, is like an intelligent computer simulation of global politics. (Such a game is actually played in the opening pages.)

The novel follows Laura Webster on a nomadic adventure through the varying political environments of earth in the 2020s: a fat, hypermediated corporate America; a progressive black-market data bank in Grenada; a righteous totalitarian capitalist state in Singapore; a right-wing mercenary organization called FACT; a disastrously impoverished Africa. Webster is a representative of Rizome Corporation, a multinational structured around the holistic, weak New Age paradigms that are already present in some of today's corporate organizations. The name of her organization is brilliant, because the decentered flow of multinational capital resembles nothing more than a rhizome, a proliferating stem that feeds and takes root along the ground as it grows.

Sterling's most imaginative political climate is the People's Republic of Grenada. Like Gibson, Sterling is fascinated with African-Caribbean cultures, and Grenada is represented as a progressive society based on "people's tech," which, given the global situation, includes illegitimate data banking and other illegal info-tech, such as bootlegging, and developing musketeer chips. FACT, a globalized nonaligned mercenary force that is at odds with Grenada, possesses nuclear weapons, which the rest of the world has banned. Webster is kidnapped by FACT and winds up in Mali, their puppet headquarters, where a FACT member explains the group's raison d'être:

> "There's a new global order coming, and it's not based on obsolete national governments. It's based on modern groups like your Rizome and my Free Army."
>
> "No one voted for you," Laura said. "You have no authority. You're vigilantes!"
>
> "You're a vigilante yourself . . . a vigilante diplomat. Interfering with governments for the sake of your multinational. We have everything in common you see. . . . We couldn't exist if it weren't for people like you, Mrs. Webster. You financed us. You created us. We serve your needs."

During her adventures, Laura loses contact with the Net, a very believable extension of the info technology already installed around us: computers, videophone message boxes, data bases, satellites, fiber optics, television. What's subtle and powerful about Sterling's presentation of the Net is how palpable a force it is within the lives of the characters, an all-too-imaginable extension of our own dependency on information technology. When Webster and her husband visit Grenada, they bring the Net with them by wearing glasses that act as cameras, allowing their every move to be monitored. When Webster first loses the Net, she panics like a fish out of water. After escaping from FACT, she accesses a satellite dish and video camera from an Arabic group of dune-buggying cultural revolutionaries and makes a media announcement of global significance. It's

BLOOD, NEST, STARS

Every so often
something under the surface of your skin
gives a little, as if for a fraction
the roundabout blood stopped, turned
all to air, and dizzied its way
out through the veins, the cage
of flesh, the skin's swirling
turnpikes: for a split second
you are all you might be,
no longer in charge but
soaring effortlessly over things.

Down among the high bare maple branches
you see where a squirrel's nest is
looming, a ragged dark sphere of
dead leaves precariously cradled but
making a home in the cold. And as night
spreads owlwings over you, you notice
the way, in their loving consensus, the
road and the dark draw you down,
putting the blood back
where it belongs: it beats

interior music, only a pace or two
ahead of the life you must lead, be
led by. And overhead
you can see the elaborate stars are
lighting your solid steps
from the dark of the locked garage
to the dark of your own hall door.

Eamon Grennan

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as if she has recovered a lost sense organ.

Sterling and Gibson's narratives are urgent in part because they explicitly invoke the economic flows that determine political environments, as well as the particular ways in which technology alters communication, culture and cognition. They show the qualitative difference between the world of the screen and the world off the screen—paradoxical for books that remain, in the end, books. Whether the cyberpunks are themselves progressive is ultimately beside the point, because they display in narrative the changing socio-technological context within which resistance must be waged. □

How They Survived

MILTON SCHWEBEL

UNBROKEN: Resistance and Survival in the Concentration Camps. *By Len Crome. Schocken Books. 174 pp. $18.95.*

After almost a half-century of books about concentration camps, the desire to say "Enough already" is understandable. But *Unbroken: Resistance and Survival in the Concentration Camps* is different. It depicts prisoners who never allowed their will to be crushed and struggled relentlessly against the Nazis in ways we were led to believe were possible only in Hollywood films. This book, for all its horrors, leaves the reader heartened by what principled people working together can achieve against overwhelming odds.

Len Crome, a pathologist who has written a spate of scientific articles and books on subjects like mental deficiency, served as a doctor with the International Brigades in the Spanish Civil War and the British Royal Army Medical Corps during World War II. He tells the story of resistance primarily through the experience of his brother-in-law, Jonny Hüttner, who spent nine years in Nazi prisons and concentration camps. Crome draws on information from a variety of archives and files, including those of the Gestapo. Another source was his wife, Helen, Jonny's younger sister.

Part I, the heart of the book, alternates between background chapters and Jonny's first-person reports. He was born into a Jewish working-class family in Berlin in 1913. Unable to support his wife and children, Jonny's father abandoned them. Jonny started work at 14 but was unemployed much of the time. Like many others in his position, he was drawn to the Communist Party.

Through his sister Helen, Jonny was introduced to Das Rote Sprachrohr (Red Megaphone), one of the agitprop theaters associated with the party. The members of this creative and influential theater group are the main characters in Crome's narrative as he relates their heady experiences in the struggles of the time. They presented their first show, protesting imperialist intervention in China, in 1927, and continued until Hitler came to power in 1933, when open activity ceased and the members applied their dramatic talents and political acumen in other groups.

In Part II, Crome describes the often harrowing experiences of the leading members of the group before and during the war and their lives afterward. Most of the company survived the Third Reich. How did they manage that, considering their risky political activity and the fact that some of them were Jews? The answer may lie in the high morale instilled in the theater group by its leader, Maxim Vallentin. (After the war, he founded and became the director of the Maxim Gorky Theater in Berlin.) He helped them develop feelings of mutual respect and a spirit of collectivity, which enabled the members to remain committed anti-Fascists and, even in the darkest days, to trust one another and not to panic. Part III presents one of the theater group's few surviving scripts.

Imprisoned in 1936, Jonny realized early that identifying trustworthy associates in the camps was crucial to survival. He found that during daily exercise, even in truncated conversation, he could discover such men. He also learned that resistance—even a useless act—was emotionally satisfying. In each camp he joined or helped form a cluster of men to engage in resistance through providing mutual aid for fellow prisoners, especially the weak and sick. Satisfying the need required a constant search for extra food, because survival on camp food beyond six months was impossible. Jonny himself was the beneficiary of aid when he broke a fibula. His life hung in the balance, because prisoners unable to work for more than a week or two were gassed, and a fibula takes about six weeks to mend. Since there was no treatment for Jews in the camp sick bay, his comrades removed his identifying yellow star, got him admitted to the hospital for X-rays and a cast, arranged to have him remain for six weeks and brought him an extra piece of bread each day. Actions like these were possible only because the resistance organizations had their own people in administrative positions, including the sick bay, and when necessary used bribery.

High morale depended on satisfying more than the prisoners' physical needs, though. Through political work, for example, members of the resistance helped bewildered young prisoners understand what had happened in their lives. The men organized choral and instrumental groups and encouraged performers, like the virtuoso guitar player who could sing in many languages and went from hut to hut enlivening the disheartened of many nations. As another morale booster, the men would mark one another's birthdays with homemade cards, sometimes accompanying them with a piece of bread. Still other tasks were to notify families that their relatives were in camp, keep track of murder victims and Nazi criminals, and organize the escape of prisoners who were in grave danger. As the ultimate form of resistance, they resorted to sabotage whenever the opportunity arose, as it did for Jonny in a camp that produced buzz bombs and rockets. In all, their effort was to frustrate the Nazi intention to reduce them to "mindless hopelessness and apathy."

One incident reveals that even in the face of death, some could remain cool-headed, courageous and mindful of the safety of other prisoners. Jonny and seventeen others, believing that the 450 Jews in a camp were being prepared for the gas chamber, engaged in a defiant demonstration. With 12,000 prisoners assembled on the barrack square, they smashed the windows of their hut and ran onto the square shouting at the SS guards, "Shoot, you cowards!" With their usual regard for life, they chose a route that placed them in a line of fire posing no risk to the others. But there were no shots. The demonstrators were

Milton Schwebel teaches psychology at Rutgers University. He edited Mental Health Implications of Life in the Nuclear Age *(Sharpe) and is co-author of the forthcoming* A Guide to a Happier Family *(Tarcher/St. Martins) and* Personal Adjustment and Growth: A Life-Span Approach *(W.C. Brown).*

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kicked and beaten and then marched past the columns of prisoners, in Jonny's words, "unafraid and proud."

Years later, when he reflected on his survival for nine years while ninety-nine of every hundred perished, Jonny admitted to an element of luck. For the most part, though, it was the help of his comrades, especially the many non-Jews who at great risk to themselves helped the more vulnerable. "We were indeed a band of brothers," Jonny said. Although women figure only briefly in the concentration camp narrative, they did participate in the camp resistance network. Crome shows them to have been active in the opposition during the early Nazi years, and they were sometimes imprisoned (as Helen was).

Unbroken is a parable for our time. Twenty years after Kitty Genovese's brutal murder, which some thirty people watched without alerting the police, it is comforting to read about those who were unafraid to get involved, and to remind oneself of the countless people, here and abroad, who are active today in the causes of peace, equality and ecology, and in struggles against AIDS and homelessness. Members of the Social Democratic and Communist parties worked together in the resistance movements in the camps, overcoming the fateful disharmony between them that enabled Hitler to come to power. Implicitly, at least, Jonny and Len Crome tell us it is not too late for nations to come together and save the world from the several forms of destruction that threaten it. □

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JOURNALS.

KATE WALTER

OUT/LOOK: National Lesbian & Gay Quarterly

This is the first in what will be a series of occasional reviews of new journals our readers may find interesting.

Most journal publishers consider themselves lucky to survive the first year, much less achieve impressive circulation figures. But since its debut last spring, the San Francisco-based *OUT/LOOK: National Lesbian & Gay Quarterly* has managed both. It's not just gender parity that sets *OUT/LOOK* apart. *OUT/LOOK*'s four-color cover might at first glance look like standard newsstand fare, but closer inspection reveals a thick volume, featuring gorgeous black and white graphics and offering lengthy, reflective articles with an academic slant. You won't find life style pieces about Rock Hudson's ex or ads for phone sex or erotic tapes. You will find provocative essays analyzing a variety of subjects of interest to gay men and lesbians. You'll also find poetry, drama, fiction, profiles, photography, illustrations, reader surveys and a few ads for bookstores and resorts.

Gay *and* lesbian readers are a tough market to please. What does a gay male S/M activist have in common with a lesbian fighting pornography? What does a gay Republican have in common with a gay socialist? Probably not much except a shared interest in obtaining civil rights. Unlike journals that address a specific group of professionals or ethnic group, as does *Tikkun* (the publication to which *OUT/LOOK* compares itself), *OUT/LOOK*'s audience has an extremely broad common denominator—same-sex preference.

"People who read *OUT/LOOK* are people who read," says co-publisher Jeff Escoffier, citing another bond among subscribers. In the first issue, the members of *OUT/LOOK*'s board described their ambitious project as a "national 'town meeting.'" They further explained: "We're . . . committed to working together to publish a magazine that speaks across the gender/race/class gaps that exist within the gay and lesbian communities."

Kate Walter, a New York-based freelance writer, frequently reports on the arts.

"We wanted to create a forum for diverse opinions from different regions around the country," says co-publisher Kim Klausner. "We wanted to create talk between men and women and to publish different political viewpoints. Gay newspapers provide good news coverage, but they can't go into issues in depth." Unlike *Gay Community News*, which has a leftist tilt, or *The Advocate*, with its middle-class professional slant, *OUT/LOOK* does not endorse any specific approach for obtaining gay and lesbian rights.

OUT/LOOK's five founders—Escoffier, Klausner, Peter Babcock, Debra Chasnoff and Michael Sexton—met for a year before the quarterly appeared. Early on, they marshaled a successful direct-mail campaign that primed the community and attracted a core of initial subscribers. When the five met over the drawing board, they brought a combination of skills—editing, graphics, computers, business—and three had backgrounds in journalism.

Much of *OUT/LOOK*'s success comes from having the right idea at the right time. As the twentieth anniversary of the Stonewall riots is celebrated this June, the community finds itself devastated by AIDS. But because of the crisis, gay men and lesbians now are working together more closely than at any time since the 1960s.

Historian Allan Bérubé's "Caught in the Storm: AIDS and the Meaning of Natural Disasters" (Fall 1988) is a powerful account of his lover's death from AIDS, the hard questions they faced and the ethical issues that arise when people assign meaning to others' illnesses. Bérubé rails at the popular New Age ideas that people with AIDS "created" their illness—holistic health author Louise Hay's theory—or were "chosen" to raise our spiritual consciousness—Elizabeth Kubler-Ross's belief. Instead, Bérubé sees AIDS as a random natural disaster, like a tornado. And though Bérubé seems too dismissive of the positive changes AIDS has wrought, his viewpoint is a welcome alternative to the bizarre claim of some AIDS activists that AIDS was the best thing that ever happened to them.

In "Beyond the Gay Nation: Where Are We Marching?" (Spring 1988), Paul Horowitz criticizes the highly successful 1987 March on Washington for failing to attract more straight supporters and for its organizers' commitment to "ultraleft" politics—too much emphasis on

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demonstrating, not enough on lobbying. David Jernigan's article, "Why Gay Leaders Don't Last: The First Ten Years After Stonewall" (Summer 1988), makes many valid points; among them that changing concepts about what it means to be gay or lesbian make it difficult for leaders to become established.

Debra Chasnoff's "Ms. Achtenberg (Almost) Goes to Sacramento—Campaigning for the California State Assembly" (Winter 1989) analyzes a lesbian lawyer's unsuccessful bid for office. Though the essay gets bogged down in local politics, it's important because what happens in San Francisco holds lessons for people in other cities. Not only did Achtenberg's opponent convince voters that this fair-minded candidate would represent only gay interests, San Francisco's other assemblyman intimated that the gay and lesbian community wasn't ready to represent itself! Worse, the community displayed its own brand of homophobia. According to Chasnoff, who was Achtenberg's press secretary, some gay men and lesbians wondered if she could really do the job, fearful that the first lesbian assemblywoman might not be perfect. The gay press scrutinized Achtenberg's every move and lent only lukewarm support. On the positive side, her race instilled pride and a sense of accomplishment in her many supporters.

"Is the NAMES Quilt Art?" wondered E.G. Crichton (Summer 1988). Arlene Stein reported seriously on "Style Wars and the New Lesbianism" (Winter 1989), and in "Children Without Fathers: Handling the Anonymous Donor Question" (Fall 1988), Petra Liljestrand explored lesbian parenting. "Living in an Unstable Body" by Barbara Rosenblum (Spring 1988) detailed her courageous struggle against breast cancer and how it affected her relationship with her partner. Three issues later her lover, Sandra Butler, contributed "Living in Sacred Time: Journal of a Survivor."

In keeping with its guiding principles, *OUT/LOOK* makes a concerted effort to represent various racial and ethnic groups. Skimming *OUT/LOOK*'s table of contents is a reminder that the movement is not just a bunch of middle-class white men worried about AIDS funding. "An Interview With Cherríe Moraga" (a Chicana lesbian author) and "Homosexuality Without a Gay World: Pasivos y Activos en Nicaragua," by Barry D. Adam, appeared in the Winter issue this year. In "Tokyo: Sexopolis," by Paul Shimazaki (Spring 1988), the Japanese-American writer guided readers through Japan's gigantic sex entertainment industry, particularly Tokyo's gay bar scene, where the opening line is usually "What's your blood type?"

"Reflections on Homophobia and Black Communities" (Summer 1988), by Bel Hooks, who teaches in Yale's Afro-American studies department, dispels the notion that black communities are any more homophobic than others. Hooks addresses the mistaken idea that homosexuality threatens the continuation of black families and calls for progressive black theologians to examine how black churches encourage the persecution of gay people. She urges white gay people to be more sensitive to the impact of racial oppression on gays and lesbians of color.

Considering *OUT/LOOK*'s all-embracing approach, what appeals to one loyal reader is bound to offend another, and the journal hasn't lacked material for its letters pages. Perhaps the most controversial piece was Ellen Herman's "Getting to Serenity: Do Addiction Programs Sap Our Political Vitality?" (Summer 1988). In a community in which men and women have flooded these programs in recent years, it took courage to examine the twelve-step program of Alcoholics Anonymous and groups modeled on it and how they affect political attitudes.

While Herman admits the programs' simplistic, nonjudgmental approach has been a lifesaver for many members, she explores how the first step, admitting powerlessness, contradicts the progressive belief in personal empowerment. Herman asserts that the twelve-step philosophy of individual responsibility is apolitical. She attacks the programs for their cultlike culture, which doesn't allow direct reaction, interaction or criticism; and she questions how this approach could be applied to different addictions—like food, alcohol, sex. The author decides the programs' growing popularity lies in the attraction of belonging to a decentralized democracy with no strings attached. Not surprisingly, a number of readers in recovery programs let Herman have it.

Another piece that unleashed a flood of mail and threats of canceled subscriptions was Nayland Blake's "Tom of Finland: An Appreciation" (Fall 1988). In his analysis of this popular pornographic artist, Blake explains how much Tom's work has in common with Norman Rockwell; how his images shaped

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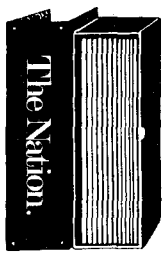

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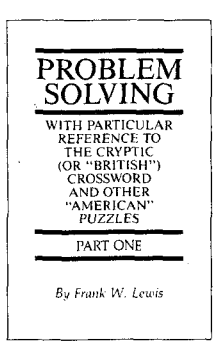
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gay men's ideas about how they should look and act; how Tom's fixation on uniforms is not fascist. Several irate readers, ignoring the fact that Blake's article is serious art criticism, objected to its graphic illustrations and (did they even read it?) thought it improper for an intellectual magazine.

If readers had to list their favorite articles, I'm sure the preferences would break down along gender lines and personal tastes, like my two favorites. "Rites of Passion" by JoAnn Loulan (Spring 1988), a popular sex therapist/author aptly nicknamed the lesbian Dr. Ruth, reminds us that lesbian culture has distinct mating rituals and we should applaud the fact that they work: "The lesbian date is like an engagement," Loulan exaggerates only slightly. "Once you have sex with her, you get married."

Even though I've written about women in jazz, I knew little about Gladys Bentley until I read Eric Garber's fascinating profile, "Gladys Bentley: The Bulldagger Who Sang the Blues" (Spring 1988). Here was a cross-dressing jazz singer with a big following in Harlem during the 1920s. Even Langston Hughes was an admirer of this huge black lesbian who stuffed her 250-pound frame into a tuxedo, set risqué lyrics to popular tunes, flirted shamelessly with other women and married her white lover in a highly publicized ceremony. Sadly, Bentley felt compelled to renounce her lesbianism during the McCarthy era in an effort to save her career. The jazz-historian author concludes that Bentley's experience in the 1950s would have been different if there had been an organized movement to support her.

What lies ahead for *OUT/LOOK*? Its publishers hope to run more "magaziney" articles and to sell more ads so they can pay freelance writers. *OUT/LOOK* anticipates doubling its current circulation—15,000—during 1989 and would love to attract more straight readers. Escoffier says men complain about too many articles for women, and women complain about too many articles for men. "That makes us feel like we're doing our job right, but it also gets us a bit worried," he observes. "But when you're publishing 100 pages, who's going to read every article?"

That kind of response makes me wonder if *OUT/LOOK* can succeed in creating a literary version of the town meeting. Don't people naturally gravitate toward articles that relate to their lives? I'm a white middle-class lesbian, and when I picked up the first three issues I immediately flipped to articles dealing with lesbianism and with movement politics. I'm ashamed to admit that I initially read little about nonwhite gays and lesbians and almost nothing about gay men except for AIDS articles—but I suspect that's how many readers approach *OUT/LOOK*. The journal will achieve its lofty goals only if readers elect to cut across race, class and gender lines. Another problem is that the bulk of contributors are from California or New York.

As the gay and lesbian liberation movement approaches its third decade, gay and lesbian life has radically changed. Today men and women get arrested together; ACT UP meetings are more popular than discos. Lesbians are having a baby boom; gay men are dating rather than cruising: relationships are in, casual sex is out. When future historians want to know about gay and lesbian culture in the latter part of the twentieth century, they'll be looking at *OUT/LOOK*. (To subscribe: *OUT/LOOK*, P.O. Box 460430, San Francisco, CA 94146-0430: $19. *OUT/LOOK* is also sold in bookstores. Single issue: $5.) □

MUSIC.

GENE SANTORO

Anthony Braxton

His music isn't easy to pick up on: It has neither the glib melodic hooks of "jazz" radio stars like Kenny G nor an easy reliance on canonized traditions like bebop. It can be knotty and passionate, Cageian and Coltranesque, highly structured and deliberately destabilized—and usually tries to be all those things at once. It resembles Anthony Braxton himself, a soft-spoken and unassuming man who becomes eloquent when speaking about his music and possessed when playing it.

After twenty-odd years, Braxton has refined his musical environment without any success in the marketplace. I use the word environment deliberately. Braxton, like countless other artists, uses preindustrial beliefs to counter Western notions of never ending technological progress, the automatic separation of rational and mythic structures, the degeneration of culture into entertainment, imperialism, racism, sexism and so on.

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As a result, for Braxton, as for namers since Adam, sounds are not abstract and fleeting, but rather speak to a kind of suprareality, function as both barometers and shapers of the time-space surrounding them. Shaman, seer, mystic: These concepts, devalued by our society, describe almost exactly Braxton's Pythagorean belief (and the belief of almost every culture but the post-Enlightenment West) in the power of art to affect the world.

This is not the escapist mumbo-jumbo of white middle-class New Ageism. Braxton was an early member of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, the catalytic cooperative that arose in Chicago in the late 1960s under the leadership of pianist Muhal Richard Abrams. Basically, AACM launched its own musical revolt from the iconoclastic sound pioneering and cultural politics of folks like Thelonious Monk, Harry Partch, Cecil Taylor, John Cage, Sun Ra, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Charles Mingus, Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane.

Following in their soundprints, AACMers placed no more value on notes than on other sounds, from whistles and shrieks to elephantine roars and low-end belching; homemade instruments like Henry Threadgill's hubkaphone, a percussion device made of hubcaps, were integrated into the expansive sonic textures. As a result, the cyclical form of chordal progression, which had been adapted from popular music by early improvisers for their own uses and continually extended through the bebop era, lost its position as the dominant vehicle for improvisation.

The consequences—which are still being worked with and through today—were several. One of the most crucial was the misnamed "free jazz" movement—misnamed because, in fact, it dealt with new kinds of interrelations between composition and improvisation, the dialectical engine that powers what we call jazz. That engine needed an overhaul anyway. Despite the best intentions of contemporary neocons like Wynton Marsalis, music's future shape has never been easily gleaned from its past. Who at the time, outside of the musicians whose project it was, would have deduced bebop, the model of Marsalis et al., from swing? Or swing itself from the society and dance bands of the 1920s? Or Louis Armstrong's solos from New Orleans ensemble playing? Discontinuity plays as necessary and radical a role in history as any unfolding evolutionary model.

Not so coincidentally, that's exactly the way the AACMers saw their own tasks. On the one hand, they set out to expand the harmonic riches bebop had picked up from European classical and internal jazz sources; on the other, they moved toward locating those harmonies in a more open-ended, explosive, dialogically reactive space than the cyclical chord progression could create.

The bifurcated approach of the AACMers addressed those two facets of the same problem. They paid increased attention to composition, with sheet music making its reappearance on bandstands (though at least some of that music was the product of band input into arrangements and solos). They also tried to create "free" improvisation. Like Ellington, Monk and Mingus, AACM members grappled with the difficulty of reorganizing composition while using—and keeping the benefits of—the supple improvisational languages they had inherited. For, like any language, jazz carries within it an ideology, in its case a model of interactive, conversational democracy in which leader (the soloist) and community (the band) exchange ideas about direction.

So in a real sense, AACMers now try to push that democracy further, by erasing distinctions between front- and backline musicians in an ensemble. At the same time, they want to reintegrate written notation and improvisation, to outline a different way for them to work together, to produce a new format that would reach outside the confines of imposed generic labels like jazz to suggest, mimic and include the fuller reality of their diversified cultural experience as African-Americans.

Braxton's direction is so radical that he's developed a totally distinct, geometrically-based notational system while trying, through his writings and lectures, to position his music within the larger cultural framework of history, society and politics. So Graham Lock's *Forces in Motion: The Music and Thoughts of Anthony Braxton* (Da Capo, 412 pp., $13.95), answers a real need by delving into Braxton's music and world view. After spending two weeks on tour with multi-reedmaster Braxton and what was then his quartet—pianist, Marilyn Crispell; bassist, Mark Dresser; drummer, Gerry Hemingway— attending all their performances and lectures and interviewing Braxton each day on a wide variety of topics, Lock succeeded both in capturing a sense of the music and in depicting the overarching contexts Braxton sees himself working within.

The book is not always smooth going.

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Braxton's terminology, like Hegel's or Husserl's, can be gnarled and self-referential, and Lock's somewhat reductive leftist stances on everything from vegetarianism and feminism to the music industry can be more annoying than insightful. Take, for example, his rather smug note on a conversation with Crispell: "Though I smile to myself at the irony of a pro-feminist man trying to unravel this concept [that music is a male-formulated and dominated language that needs to be drastically reconstituted by women for their own use] with a non-feminist woman, it's not a situation I feel comfortable with."

Still, Lock translates Braxton's concerns with sympathy. Combining raw interview transcriptions, concert descriptions and historical/musical/mystical background, he places Braxton within the intellectual, emotional and sociological settings that nurture him rather than defining him only musicologically or formalistically. It's an invaluable look at a musician whose work is all too undervalued, even within the exceedingly undervalued jazz realm.

In part, as *Forces in Motion* points out, that's because of the racist/imperialist assumptions that underlie (however unconsciously) most of what passes for music criticism. Braxton's music has frequently been attacked as overintellectual, not swinging enough. The charge may seem ridiculous to those who have witnessed him on the bandstand, where he almost invariably explodes his material past its limits. But thanks to what Braxton calls "the reality of the sweating brow," black musicians—especially when they can be pinned with the jazz label—aren't supposed to think, just sort of squirt out carefree improvised noises with a pearly grin; that's their natural talent as well as the preordained upper limit of their cultural achievement. Of course, that viewpoint also reduces the music to a kind of sexual gymnastics appreciated as exotica by slumming tourists. So it hits home when Braxton says:

> I mean, it's taken for granted that a European or a European-American jazz musician has borrowed some aspects of African-American language: why should it be such a big thing that I've learned from Europe? I'm a human being, just like Ronnie Scott or Derek Bailey [two white British improviser/composers]. Why is it so natural for Evan Parker [a white British jazz man], say, to have an appreciation of Coltrane, but for me to have an appreciation of Stockhausen is somehow out of the natural order of human experience? I see it as racist. . . .
>
> That's part of the dilemma of the African-American intellectual. James P. Johnson wrote several operas—I think there's been *one* performance in North America and that not long ago. Most of the performances he had in his lifetime were in South America. Why isn't this information known? I'll tell you—because there's a real interest in suppressing African intellectual dynamics. . . . It's a taboo subject, and we have all paid for it.

Including Braxton, who lived with his wife and children in the grinding poverty all too typical of jazz musicians until he got a gig teaching at Mills College. But poverty drove him to learn, to ponder, to articulate. Along with his mixed-race and mixed-media pantheon of heroes, Braxton's assertions about suppressed Western history—the attribution, by the slave-trading nations of Europe's imperial age, of cultural breakthroughs made by the ancient black civilization of Egypt to the Greeks; the claims that Haydn and Beethoven were black—parallel attacks by George G.M. James, Yosef ben-Jochannan and Martin Bernal on the cultural hegemony of northwestern Europe.

One excellent way to start an acquaintance with Braxton's music, which is so marginally available it might as well be suppressed, is with the just-released *Quartet (London) 1985* (Leo Records), a live recording of two sets from the very quartet Lock toured with. Its six sides offer many entry points to Braxton's formidable sonic universe, and Lock's liner notes are useful and informative.

But in the end, as critics are supposed to say, the music is what matters, and Braxton's matters a lot. Listening to it in this extended format lets it surround you with its varied preoccupations and goals in a useful and provocative way: The sheer length forces and allows you to react to its kinetic changes of mood, texture, form and concept as musicians onstage have to. Look at it as a chipping away at the barrier between audience and performer, observer and participant, people and culture, that has haunted Western civilization since the Industrial Revolution and its intellectual arm, the Enlightenment. □

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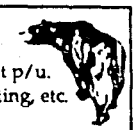

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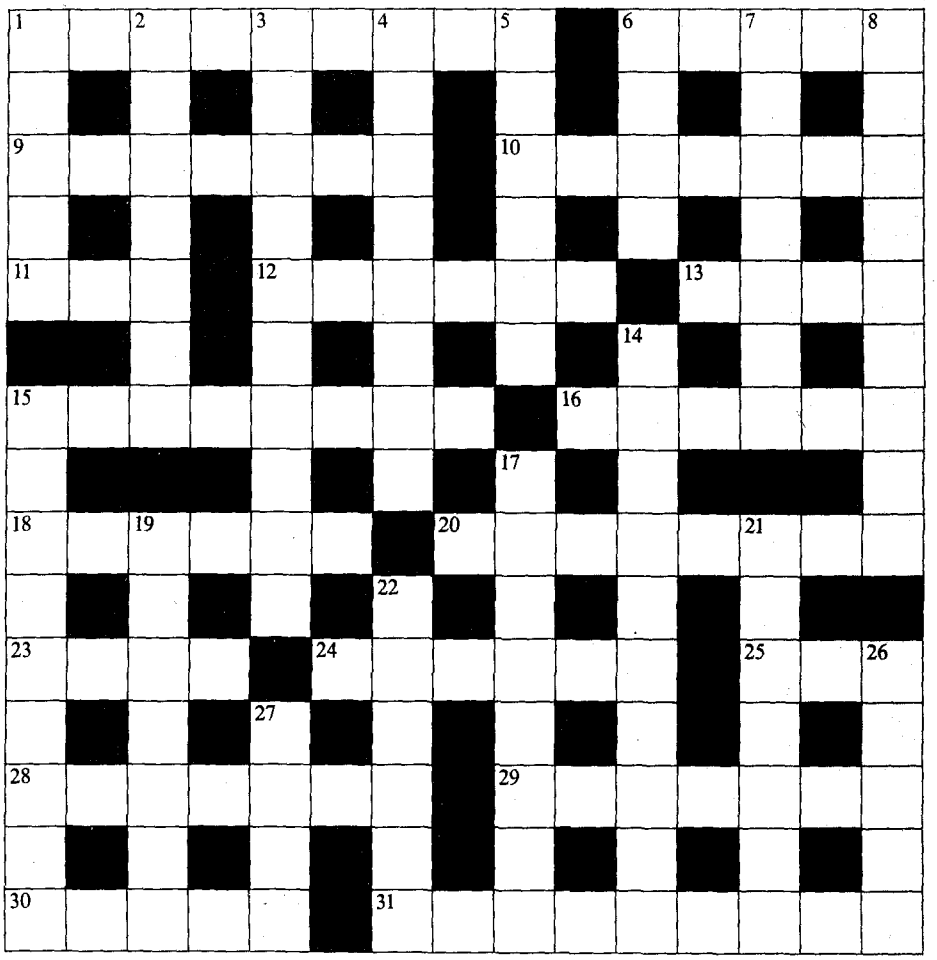

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1 and 6 Carries the burden of catchy things, as places for stars—and bars. (8,6)
9 Say again? Do you have a tie made up at a fixed price? (7)
10 Burn something, and you'll need a drink—but it's only play-acting. (7)
11 and 13 Make progress as the official in charge of the old settlement? (2,5)
12 Equivalent to "la Maison Blanche"—in Nevada, as you notice! (6)
13 See 11 across
15 The French socialist/writer seems to be rather conceited, dear, according to what some say. (8)
16 A fateful spinner—something that might stop the blood carrying what goes with a "heave." (6)
18 I wouldn't take this on a bet! (I only go for sure things.) (6)
20 Provide a pleasant diversion for some—and trouble for others. (8)
23 You might work rather hard to make them meet. (4)
24 A few words concerning what the German has to spend? (6)
25 and 1 down Not exactly snake-bite, but it shows what the Gascon was accused of. (8)
28 His meal upset him—as it would any outcast! (7)
29 Equivalent to a singular 23 in what you might pay for housing, or clothes. (7)
30 Eric gets away from 31, leaving this horse wild there . . . (5)
31 . . . showing a lot of spirit. (9)

DOWN

1 See 25 across
2 A slightly different state with a menthaceous plant. (7)
3 One doesn't take a real 18 with them—since they don't come up at random. (6,4)
4 and 19 down Is each present, as well as later marking a sometime happening? (5,3,3,4)
5 Every minute, one is easily fooled by a lollipop—or a fish. (6)
6 A drop in rent? (4)
7 A little snooze set improperly, if you have two feet which are short, with one a little longer. (7)
8 They were told to do on the way to Skye, if it were bonny—but it's fast in the water. (9)
14 This sort of biker has glitz in a way—which might be an awful surprise. (10)
15 What you might be doing up if you expect to get bussed soon. (9)
17 Said, in a way, to go almost green—but don't go along to do so. (8)
19 See 4 down
21 Perhaps in time, ban what may be going around. (7)
22 Sounds like a guy is something of a wheel, at least on the outside. (6)
26 and 27 Greek sailor—proverbially with an unusual sense of humor. (5,4)

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2240

■	P	I	T	C	H	E	D	B	A	T	T	L	E	■
F	■	N	■	A	■	N	■	R	■	H	■	E	■	A
A	C	C	O	S	T	S	■	O	V	E	R	A	L	L
R	■	U	■	H	■	I	■	W	■	F	■	S	■	E
T	U	R	N	I	N	G	I	N	■	I	C	T	U	S
H	■	■	■	N	■	N	■	C	■	R	■	W	■	■
I	N	C	H	O	N	■	C	O	W	S	L	I	P	S
N	■	A	■	N	■	D	■	W	■	T	■	S	■	H
G	A	N	G	E	D	U	P	■	O	S	W	E	G	O
■	■	E	■	S	■	M	■	P	■	W	■	■	■	V
B	A	S	I	C	■	B	A	R	C	A	R	O	L	E
E	■	U	■	H	■	S	■	I	■	L	■	W	■	L
E	N	G	L	I	S	H	■	M	E	L	A	N	G	E
R	■	A	■	P	■	O	■	E	■	O	■	E	■	D
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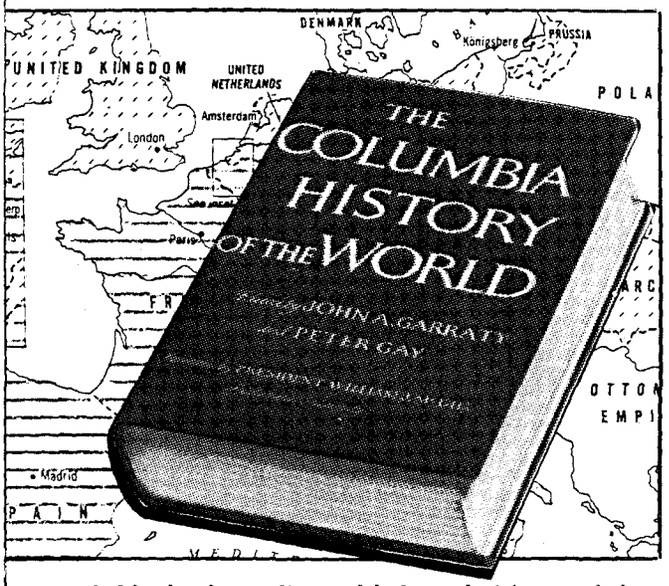

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